ROYALTY ON ACTIVE SERVICE.

(See page 503.)

Published by C. ARTHUR PEARSON Ltd., London, W.C.

No. 18, Vol. III.—April, 1900.

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These renowned Pills are composed entirely of medicinal herbs, and are warranted free from mercury or other poisonous substance. They cleanse the stomach and bowels, and purify the blood; invigorate the whole nervous system, and give tone and energy to the muscles. In the preparation of BEECHAM'S PILLS the most scrupulous care is taken, and the ingredients form the most successful combination that has ever been discovered for

Sick Headache, Constipation, Wind, and Pains in the Stomach, Impaired Digestion, Disordered Liver, Female Ailments.

AND ALL

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TEACH DISCIPLINE, SELF-DENIAL; make ITS PRACTICE PLEASURABLE, and you create for the World A DESTINY MORE SUBLIME than EVER ISSUED from the brain of the WILDEST DREAMER. A SUNNY HOLIDAY—WISDOM, HEALTH, LONGEVITY, and PROSPERITY. WITHOUT these you have the GREATEST of ALL EVILS that can befall man, AN EARLY EXIT, which, like the brittle glass that measures time, is often broke, ere half its sands are run.

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A SAPPER SERVING AT THE FRONT writes:—'I am in the best of health, thanks to ENO'S "FRUIT SALT." It is grand! The best in the World, especially for hot and changeable climates. It is very dear out here, but even if it cost 10s. per bottle I must have it, as I cannot do without it.

'Yours, &c., Truth.'
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Buy Direct at First Cost from the Leading Firm of London Manufacturers.

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The New Century Costume, utterly unrivalled all the world over. This charming costume is made in all the beautiful shades of the **Specialite Serge** and in the **Venetian Cloth,** two splendid wearing cloths. The bodice has a full front, very tastefully trimmed with prettily shaped revers of good velveteen, which are finished off with a smart edging of fancy braid. The collar is of velveteen and trimmed to match front. The bodice and sleeves are lined. The skirt is cut full with inverted pleat at back; the box pleat can be had if specially ordered. Costume complete, 10/6, carriage 6d. extra; Skirt alone, 5/6, carriage paid, 5d. extra.

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Write for our **NEW ILLUSTRATED SKETCH BOOK** for Spring, sent post free. ALLEN FOSTER & CO.'S NEW SHOW ROOMS, 47, Golden Lane, E.C., are now open. Ladies are requested to call and inspect their Novelties in Jackets, Capes, Costumes, Blouses, Corsets, etc.

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Ladies' Chesterfield Coat and Skirt. Cut in the latest shape, and made in all the shades of Allen Foster & Co.'s Venetian Cloth or in their Specialite Serge, two splendid wearing fabrics. The Coat can be worn open or closed. The Skirt is cut full with inverted pleat at back. Price only 10/6, carriage paid, 6d. extra. The Coat can be lined through for 3/6 extra.

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HORSE-SKIN BOOTS

ARE SMART, COMFORTABLE, DURABLE, SOFT, WATERTIGHT.

Gentlemen's (Smart, Medium, or Broad Toes) **10/6, 15/6, 19/6.**

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Postage, extra: Inland, 6d.; Europe, 2/6; Colonies, 3/6.

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Send shape of foot on paper, or old boot, and a pair the exact size required will be forwarded by first post. Terms: Cash with order.

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TELL YOUR COOK

To well sprinkle the floor near the fireplace and kitchen cupboard last thing at night with

"KEATING'S POWDER,"

unrivalled killer of Fleas, Beetles, Moths (harmless to animals). Sold everywhere, *only* in tins, 3d., 6d., and 1/- each.

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Hairdressers' Shops Fitted. Estimates free.

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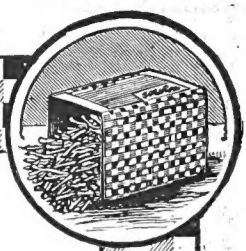

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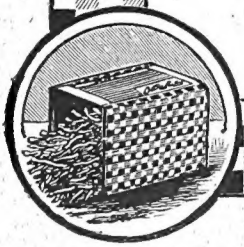

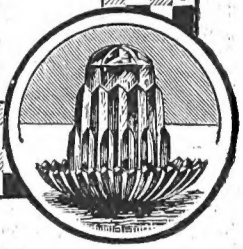

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Warranted for Seven Years.

It is supplied on the first payment of 7/-, and your promise to complete the purchase in nine more monthly payments of the same amount

Seven Days Free Trial is allowed, and if you are not satisfied with the watch, return it, and your deposit will be instantly repaid.

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Allison's 'EGLINTON LEVER'
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A Solid Silver English Hall-marked Cased Lever, jewelled in six holes, compensation balance, equal in appearance and time-keeping to a £5 5s. Watch. GUARANTEED FOR TEN YEARS

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A really handsome and highly finished Watch with strong solid Sterling Silver Cases. First-class timekeeper, and guaranteed for five years. Sizes to suit Lady or Gentleman. Ladies' size beautifully engraved in new style.

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ESTAB. OVER HALF A CENTURY.
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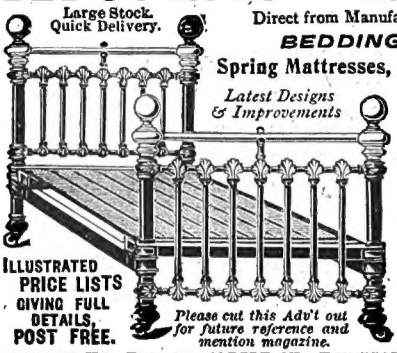

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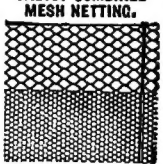

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LOW PRICES.

IRON FENCING, HURDLES, GATES, &c.
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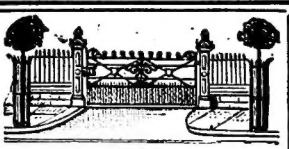

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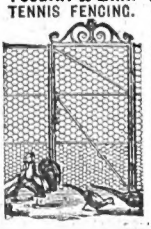

KENNEL RAILING.

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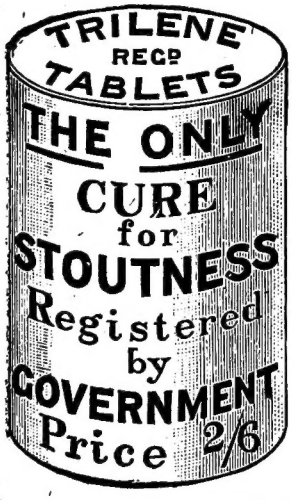
ALL FAT PEOPLE

Can be CURED by taking

TRILENE TABLETS

(Regd.)

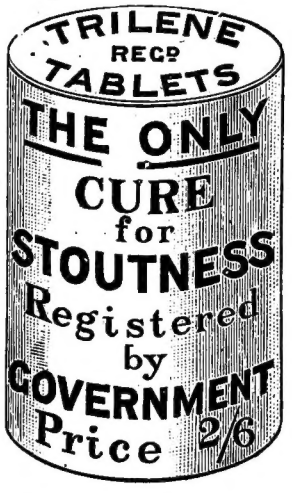


for a few weeks. They will safely REDUCE WEIGHT and CURE CORPULENCY PERMANENTLY, whether Abdominal or General. They are small, agreeable, harmless, sent privately, and never fail to improve both Health and Figure without change of Diet.

An ENGLISH COUNTESS writes:
"Your Trilene Tablets act admirably."

Send 2s. 6d. to Mr. M. Wells, The Trilene Association, 66, Finsbury Pavement, London.

An Interesting Book on Obesity accompanies each Box.



SAMPLES OF TESTIMONIALS.

Countess Seckendorff, of Berlin, writes: "I have taken Tablets with success, and am recommending them to friends."

Mrs. Drew, of 1, Bellevue Gardens, The Nursery, Devizes, writes: "I took Tablets some years ago; they soon reduced me, and I have not got stout since. Send a box for my mother."

Miss Northledge, The Laurels, Riseholme Road, Lincoln, says: "The Tablets reduced me 1st., so that I am cured."

Colour-Sergeant Whittle, of East Lancashire Regiment, Burnley, Lancs., says: "A man in our regiment in 1891 lost several stone from taking your Tablets."

Mrs. Darnley Smith, of Landscove Vicarage, Ashburton, writes: "Trilene Tablets have reduced my weight very much. I am so much lighter in every way, and better in health."

"87, Alexandra Road, Norwich, 19th Oct., 1896.

"GENTLEMEN,—In reference to Trilene Tablets, I may say that my wife found the greatest possible benefit from the use of them, and their action was rapid, as my wife was for many years growing too stout, but the Tablets soon reduced the same completely. You have our united thanks, and if I can do anything to promote your interests, I will freely use my utmost endeavours to do so.

"Yours faithfully, **J. R. Canham.**"

Princess Liechtenstein of Landsberg, Austria, writes: "Pray send me your Tablets directly."

Lady Constance Conrad writes from Wiesbaden: "I am highly pleased with your Tablets."

Countess Furstenberg writes: "The Tablets act speedily and well."

Extract from "The Lady," 3rd Sept. 1896: "Many stout persons have suffered untold agonies in unavailing efforts to reduce their bulk, either by means of severe dieting or by taking more or less deleterious drugs; but all these pains would have been saved if they had only invested in a case of the wonderful Trilene Tablets, which are guaranteed absolutely harmless, containing neither mercury, arsenic, nor any other mineral poison, and which are an unfailing Cure for Obesity."

Mrs. T. Boston, Cambridge Villas, Clifford Street, South Wigston, says: "I congratulate you on your wonderful Tablets. My weight at first starting them was 11st. 7lb., and I now weigh 9st. 11lb."

West Cornforth, Ferryhill.

Mr. William Usher says: "A sister of mine, who was 17st., was greatly reduced by your Tablets to 15st."

"77, Hindhill Street, Heywood, 5th February, 1898.

"GENTLEMEN,—Your Tablets work wonderfully in curing obesity. I have not quite finished the box, and am 2lb. lighter. The change is so great that several friends have begun the treatment, which not only reduces fat, but strengthens rheumatic joints—at least, such has been the case with me.

"(Signed) **M. A. Heywood (Miss).**"

Mrs. Weaver, of Greenpits Villa, Station Road, Ross, Hereford, says: "I wish to say I have been reduced from 13st. 8lb. to 11st. by your Tablets, and can recommend them highly. You can use this publicly if you wish."

Mr. Butler, Surgeon (M.R.C.V.S.), of Hampton Manor, Evesham, says: "My patient has lost 1st. through your Tablets."

Father T. M. Byrne, of Holy Cross Abbey, Sligo, writes: "When I began your Tablets I was 12st. 5lb.; I now scale at 10st. 11lb.—my case, too, is hereditary."

Mrs. Alexander, of 102, Dixon Street, New Swindon, says: "They have reduced me 2st.; in fact I am quite cured."

Mrs. Mary Williams, of Old Yard, near Bedol, Bagillt, Wales, writes: "I have lost 28lb., and will do my best to make them known."

Miss Patient, of Woodberry, Theydon Bois: "Feel great benefit from Tablets. I have lost 2st., and am sufficiently reduced."

Mrs. James Smith, of Cowell Terrace, Soham, says: "Your 2s. 6d. box of Tablets reduced my weight 12lb."

Mrs. Crossley, of Rose Hill, Torver, near Coniston, says: "There is a very decided diminution of fat. I am delighted. I cannot praise Tablets too highly. My heart is better, and I can breathe so much easier. You may refer to me as often as you like."

Miss B. McKenzie, of Greenhall, High Blantyre, N.B., says: "Am completely cured, being reduced 2st."

Mrs. W. A. Radford, High Street, New Brinsley, Eastwood, says: "Before taking your Tablets, I was 46in. round waist. I am now 32in., and can get about in comfort, and hope soon to be 24in. You may use this as you please."

THE TRILENE ASSOCIATION, 66, FINSBURY PAVEMENT, LONDON.

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INFANTS, GROWING CHILDREN, INVALIDS, AND THE AGED.

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"This is an excellent Food, admirably adapted to the wants of Infants and Young Persons, and being rich in phosphates and potash, is of the greatest utility in supplying the bone-forming and other indispensable elements of food."

If the directions given on each tin are followed, the infantile system may be regulated without the aid of medicine.

A MOST NUTRITIOUS FOOD FOR NURSING MOTHERS.

PRODUCING A CUP OF DELICIOUS COFFEE AT A MOMENTS NOTICE.

IS "MOREISH"
More you eat, more you want.
Suits Everybody's taste. *For trade terms apply—*
J. MACKINTOSH LTD., The Toffee Kings, HALIFAX.

GUARANTEED

PURE LINEN.

16/- to 18/- a Dozen.

THIS Towel is of quite new structure, woven out of good Two-fold Irish Linen Thread, the natural Magnetic and Electric Induction of the Flax being intensified, so that when used it at once helps to produce the healthy glow and warmth so desirable to everybody.

Its Coiled Meshes permit the air to circulate, and yield with thorough elasticity to the surface of the skin.

This Towel is neither clumsy nor flimsy, but is easy to wash and easy to dry, and for a long period actually improves with use.

After any special exertion, to the Athlete, the Cyclist or the Yachtsman, it is most refreshing to have a rub down with one or two of these Towels.

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also 35, Milk Street, Cheapside, LONDON, E.C.

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50,000 Cricket Bats

IN STOCK (all seasoned).

We warrant our Cricket Bats, and give a New Bat FREE in case of defect.
ALL GOODS on APPROVAL or RETURN.

MEN'S ALL-CANE BATS, 3/11 *to* 21/-

YOUTHS' ALL-CANE BATS, 2/6 *to* 12/6

SPRING-HANDLED BATS, CANE and RUBBER, **7/6 *to* 21/-**

EVERY CRICKETER, EVERY CLUB, and EVERY YOUTH, *should send for*

CATALOGUE No. 1,

containing 250 Illustrations of CRICKET, TENNIS, CROQUET, &c.

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1,094 RUNS

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RILEY'S CATGUT MATCH BALL.

Photo of Ball after play shown.

Actual Photograph from Bat.

E. J. RILEY, LIMITED,

Willow Mills,

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ENGLAND.

The Largest Makers of Cricket Bats in the World.

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BEAT THE WORLD FOR HARD WEAR.

Guaranteed hand-spun and hand-woven from pure wool only. The only perfect material for Cycling, Golfing, Shooting, and sport and country wear generally. Beautifully soft, light, and warm. Equally suitable for Ladies or Gentlemen. Prices from 21d. per yard. All goods carriage paid. Perfect satisfaction guaranteed or money refunded. Patterns free on application. Address DESK **9.**

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Depot for Irish Peasant Industries,

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MARTIN-SILENT Tool Bag

Always Neat and Tidy.

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LADIES & GENTS.'

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Of all Agents or direct. Send for Price List.

105 14/- EACH

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Martin's Silent Pump Carrier will not scratch the enamel, 6d. per pair.

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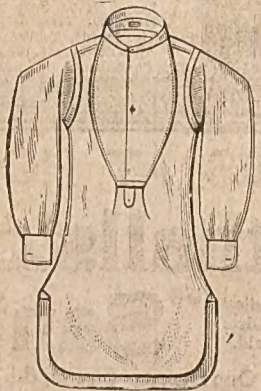

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A	quality,	**3/6**	each;	½	doz.,	**10/3**;	½ doz., **20/-**
B	,,	**4/6**	,,	¼	,,	**13/-**;	½ ,, **25/6**
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Post Free. When ordering, please mention size of collar.

D. H. GRANT, SHIRT SPECIALIST, LIME ST., LIVERPOOL.

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AND TEACH YOUR CHILDREN TO DO SO, BY USING

CALVERT'S

CARBOLIC TOOTH POWDER

6d., 1s., 1s. 6d., and 1lb. 5s. Tins, or

CARBOLIC TOOTH PASTE

6d., 1s. and 1s. 6d. Pots.

Each is prepared with CALVERT'S purest Carbolic—the best dental preservative. They sweeten the breath and prevent infection by inhalation.

HAVE THE LARGEST SALE OF ANY DENTIFRICES.

Avoid imitations, which are numerous and unreliable.
At Chemists, &c., or Sample **1s.** *Pot or Tin post free for value*

F. C. CALVERT & CO., MANCHESTER.

Going on a Sea Voyage? Going across the Channel? Is 1/6

too great an outlay to prevent your being **SEA SICK** or at any rate reduce your probable suffering to a minimum?

Send us this sum, and you will receive *post free*, by return,

A TIN OF 10 VALIDOL PRALINES

with instructions. We return money if you tell us that **VALIDOL** (an absolutely harmless chemical combination of menthol and valerianic acid) proved unsuccessful.

The makers are the well-known manufacturers of Quinine,

MESSRS. ZIMMER & CO., Ltd.

Apply to London Agency:

33, LIME STREET, LONDON, E.C.

TO COLOUR GREY HAIR | TRY ALEXANDRE'S SHADEINE

TRIAL BOTTLE 6d. Per post, 7d.

SHADEINE colours grey or faded hair BLONDE, LIGHT or DARK BROWN, BLACK, AUBURN, and GOLDEN. It contains neither lead, silver, mercury, sulphur, nor anything injurious. *Guaranteed not to burn the hair, produce an unnatural tint, but to be permanent, washable, free from grease or stickiness and*

ABSOLUTELY HARMLESS.

A Medical Certificate with every Bottle.

Large Bottle, 3/6; post free, 3/9. Trial Bottle (Secretly packed), *Est.* 1861 6d.; post free, 7d.

(PARIS DEPOT: 28, Rue de Chabrol.)

N. M. ALEXANDRE, 30, WESTBOURNE GROVE, LONDON, W.

For clearing the skin from Spots, Blemishes, Redness, Roughness, Freckles, Tan, &c., leaving it spotless, smooth, and natural. By using Henderson's Peralia regularly, the skin is brought into a proper normal condition. Healthy, soft, beautiful, transparent. Gives the hands, arms, face, and neck a healthy white appearance. Beautifies the skin instantly. Used by ladies and gentlemen of all classes. Procurable at all Chemists and Hairdressers, or send for it direct. 1/-, 1/6, and 2/6. Postage in each case 3d. extra.

Use Henderson's Peralia for RED NOSES

CRIMPOLINE HAIR CURLING FLUID.

Curls the hair naturally in a few days. The hair will always remain curly. Note.—Crimpoline curls the hair permanently. No tongs needed. Other curling fluids **only** keep the hair in curl. Crimpoline is not greasy or sticky. See that you get Crimpoline. Have no other, or you will be disappointed.

Procurable at all Chemists and Hairdressers, or send for it direct. 1/9 and 2/6 per bottle. 3d. extra for postage.

Makers of Machines for Altering Ugly Noses, price 10/-. Elevators for increasing the height, making little people tall, 5/6 pair.

PERALIA PERFUMERY CO., 72 & 73, Camden St. (R.M.), North Shields, England. Foreign orders punctually attended to. PRICE LIST POST FREE.

FOR CERTAIN SATISFACTION

ASK for and INSIST UPON getting the **DAISY** 4/-

20TH CENTURY AIR RIFLE.

Extreme length 30in. Weight, 2 lbs.

Shoots B.B. Shot or Darts with sufficient force to kill Rats, &c. at 50ft. Useful and amusing for Adults, yet a Safe Toy for Children.

WRITE TO-DAY for address of nearest agent, to "R" Dept.,

WM. E. PECK & CO., 8, Bradford Avenue, LONDON.

Drum in position.

DEAFNESS

and Head Noises relieved by using WILSON'S COMMON-SENSE EAR DRUMS.

A new scientific invention, entirely different in construction from all other devices. Assist the deaf when all other devices fail, and where medical skill has given no relief. They are safe, comfortable, and invisible; have no wire or string attachment.

Write for Pamphlet. Mention this Magazine.

WILSON EAR-DRUM CO.

D. H. WILSON, 11, Newington Road, EDINBURGH.

LADIES AT HOME OR ON TOUR.

Southalls' Absorbent, (Patented). Antiseptic.

SAMPLES free on application to the LADY MANAGER, 17, BULL ST., BIRMINGHAM.

Sold by Drapers, Ladies' Outfitters, and Chemists throughout the world.

"Sanitary Towels"

In Packets of One Dozen:—Size O, 6d.; Size 1, 1/-; Size 2, 1/6; Size 3, 2/-; Size 4, 2/-; Size X, 2/9. Size 1 can also be had in Packets of Six Towels at 6d.

Sample Packets (marked Size S), at 6d., containing three Size O, one each 1, 2 & 4, post free, eight stamps.

SOUTHALLS' SANITARY SHEETS for ACCOUCHEMENT,

In three sizes, 1/-, 2/- and 2/6 each.

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LAST GRAND

PRIZE-WINNERS' COMPETITION

OPEN TO ALL PRIZE-WINNERS TAKING UP THEIR MACHINES IN THIS COMPETITION.

£100 Diamond Bracelet, £100 Motor Car, £100 Sailing Yacht, £100 Grand Piano, £100 Musical Clock, £100 Horse & Carriage, £100 Billiard Table, £100 Electric Launch, £100 Freehold Plot, or £100 in Cash or Bank Notes.

£50 MOTOR CYCLE,	£50 BUSINESS,	£50 JUGGLER'S OUTFIT,
£50 MUSICAL BOX,	£50 FURNITURE,	£50 GREENHOUSE,
£50 GOLD CHRONOMETER,	£50 TRICHORD PIANO,	£50 SHOP,
£50 WRITING DESK,	£50 PLOT OF LAND,	£50 WAGONETTE,
£50 DRESSING CASE,	£50 HOLIDAY TOUR,	£50 THEATRICAL OUTFIT,
£50 PONY AND TRAP,	£50 VENTRILOQUIST'S FIGURES,	£50 GAS ENGINE, or
£50 ROWING BOAT,		£50 CASH or BANK NOTES.

£25 TANDEM CYCLE,	£25 RIFLE AND OUTFIT,	£25 LADY'S FUR COAT,	£25 GARDEN IMPLEMENTS,
£25 GOLD CARD CASE,	£25 DIAMOND LINKS,	£25 BRASS BEDSTEAD,	£25 BATH AND GEYSER,
£25 MARBLE STATUE,	£25 PONY and HARNESS,	£25 ROULETTE TABLE,	£25 SCARF PIN,
£25 BAGATELLE TABLE,	£25 DOLL'S HOUSE,	£25 BALL DRESS,	£25 COTTAGE PIANO,
£25 GOLD WATCH,	£25 SECRETAIRE,	£25 ELECTRIC LIGHT APPARATUS,	£25 ENGAGEMENT RING, or
£25 ELECTRO WARE,	£25 DOG CART,	£25 SILVER CANDELABRA,	£25 IN BANK NOTES.
£25 AMERICAN ORGAN,	£25 DRESSING CASE,	£25 DRESDEN CHINA,	
£25 SET OF CUTLERY,	£25 OIL PAINTING,		

£15 Cycle,	£15 Ivory & Ebony Chess,	£15 Golf Set,	£15 Saddlebag Chair,
£15 Diamond Brooch,	£15 Case of Champagne,	£15 Cricket Set,	£15 Library of New Books,
£15 Mahogany Sideboard,	£15 Canadian Canoe,	£15 Violin and Music,	£15 Phonograph,
£15 Silver Card Case,	£15 Fishing Tackle,	£15 Mandoline and Music,	£15 House Telephone,
£15 Fur Overcoat,	£15 Drawing Room Clock,	£15 Harmonium,	£15 Model Engine,
£15 Lawn Tennis Set,	£15 Tea Service,	£15 Kitchen Utensils,	£15 Conjuring Tricks,
£15 Gold Chain,	£15 Box of Tools,	£15 River Punt,	£15 Marquee Tent,
£15 Cornet and Music,	£15 Silver Cigar Cabinet,	£15 Inlaid Card Table,	£15 Fire Proof Safe, or
£15 Croquet Set,	£15 Spirit Tantalus,	£15 Model Steam Yacht,	£15 Cash or Bank Notes.
£15 Summer House,	£15 Proof Engraving,	£15 Typewriter,	

The above is only a PARTIAL LIST of the Free Prizes now offered. We have now awarded considerably over ***£8,200*** *value in Prizes. Full Particulars of Prizes, Competitions, &c., will be sent to each one entitled to compete.*

RESULT OF COMPETITION JUST CLOSED.

£100 in CASH. WILLIAM SILL, 12, Winstanley Place, Bouston, near Kendal, Westmoreland. **£30 in CASH.** VALENTINE GAMBRILL, Monks Horton, Kent. **£15 in CASH.** OWEN OWENS, Maldwyn Stores, Llandegfan, Menai Bridge. **£10 in CASH.** H. L'ESTRANGE BURGESS, Bayham House, Sevenoaks.

40 **PERSONS HAVE WON** ***£23*** **CYCLES FREE OF ALL COST. THERE WERE OVER** ***90*** **MORE CASH PRIZES THAN THERE WERE COMPETITORS.**

In this the last Free Prize Competition that will be promoted, it is a matter of utter impossibility for any competitor not to receive an award without having to pay anything at all save the two penny stamps enclosed for postage. The only instance where any payment is made to us is when a competitor has been successful in gaining a Second, Third, Fourth, Fifth, Sixth, or Consolation Prize in one of our ordinary competitions. A nominal sum has then to be paid according to this advertisement for a Cycle which is of the World's Greatest Critics, 12 Cycling Papers, 20 Newspapers, and 5,85 Riders have pronounced, and pronounced emphatically, to be well worth £15 cash in the ordinary market. We send you absolute proof of all these statements when forwarding results of competition. We have never received an adverse Press notice, or heard of a Prize-winner being dissatisfied after taking up his or her machine. All Prize machines (which are exactly the same as those which cost £15, £16, £17, £18, or £19 in the ordinary way) are sent out strictly on approval; and the full amount paid us, together with carriage is willingly refunded if the cycles are not fully worth, not merely what is paid for them, but our usual selling price.

WHAT TO DO.—SEND IN REPLIES EARLY.—Make up the best sentence you can out of eight words, each word commencing with a letter of B. T. H. S. S. O. R. W. in proper order. Thus, for example, "Better Than Humber's, Singer's, Swifts, Or Rudge-Whitworth." This is what the Right Rev. Canon C——, B.D., M.A., &c., writes. Enclose two penny stamps for postage of result, with Catalogue, Testimonials, &c.

FIRST PRIZE: £23 A.B. SAFETY.

SECOND CLASS (9 Prizes) similar Cycle for £9.	FIFTH CLASS (18 Prizes) similar Cycle for £12.
THIRD CLASS (12 Prizes) similar Cycle for £10.	SIXTH CLASS (20 Prizes) similar Cycle for £13.
FOURTH CLASS (15 Prizes) similar Cycle for £11.	CONSOLATION (25 Prizes) similar Cycle for £14.

☛ ***Take Particular Notice.—Competition is now open, and CLOSES on MONDAY, APRIL 16th, 1900.***

Enclose two penny stamps for postage of result of Competition. As so few are able to call and inspect the machines, WE GUARANTEE TO REFUND THE FULL AMOUNT PAID FOR ANY PRIZE IF THE OWNER IS NOT PERFECTLY SATISFIED with it on arrival. We desire it to be distinctly understood that we reserve to ourselves the right of increasing the number of prizes in the competition set in this magazine. Results will be declared as soon as possible. Prizes unclaimed in a week or ten days are forfeited.

£100 **If you can purchase our cheapest machine, brand new, from us, or an agent, dealer, shipper, or factor can buy one, for less than Fifteen Sovereigns, we will promptly hand you a Hundred Pound Bank of England Note.**

85 COMPETITORS WERE DISQUALIFIED LAST TIME BY BEING TOO LATE.

Send your reply immediately to the Managing Director, marking your envelope "ROYAL."

A.B. CYCLE Co., Ld., 59, 60, 67, 68 & 69, Chancery Lane, Holborn, W.C.

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Deafness & Defects of Hearing.

That deafness is a very common ailment is a fact that needs no demonstrating. Many of our readers are subject to it, and there are few but can recall the case of some relative or friend who suffers from that affliction. But it will be a matter of surprise to many to learn that statistics show that the hearing of a fifth of the population of this country is more or less defective, or, in other words, the hearing of 20 per cent. of the inhabitants is affected.

The publication of a "Newspaper for the Deaf" must therefore supply a public want. A scientific review, bearing this name, is issued by the Drouet Institute, 72, Regent's Park Road, London, N.W., and a copy may be had free on application to the Editor. This review deals with Diseases of the Ear, the Nose, and the Throat, and thoroughly explains the treatment which is so successfully applied at the Drouet Institute for the cure of such complaints.

For those of our readers unacquainted with the Drouet Treatment, let us say that, as far as Deafness, and, general speaking, Ear diseases are concerned, the treatment is based upon the "external" application of a specific medicine, which acts, by gradual impregnation, on the mid-ear—that portion of the organs of hearing which contains the delicate agencies most needful for the due working of the whole. The application of this specific is perfected in action by the aid of treatment varying in each case, for it must not be forgotten that deafness is brought about by an endless number of causes, which often lead to the extension of the local treatment to neighbouring organs, as the nose, the pharynx, and the larynx—and which also frequently give reason for the use of internal treatment, when the auricular ailment is caused or is aggravated by a constitutional tendency or by any other general disorder.

Let us also add that the Drouet Institute gives free advice, by means of a special report form, to patients unable to leave home, or patients can attend for consultations, any day from 2 to 4.

"ATLAS" LOCKSTITCH MACHINE 39s.

Equal in size and quality to any machine. Works by hand or treadle. Four years' guarantee.

To ensure satisfaction, machine sent on receipt of 5s. P.O. for ONE MONTH'S TRIAL. Balance can be paid 5s. MONTHLY. Write for designs and samples of work—The Atlas Sewing Machine Co., 158E, High St., Camden Town London; or 63, Seven Sisters Rd.; and 14, High Rd., Kilburn. Mention this Magazine.

To ASTHMA Sufferers.

Immediate relief in all cases of Asthma, Bronchitis, Croup, and Whooping Cough is gained by the use of

POTTER'S DATURA ASTHMA CURE.

Sold by all Chemists and Herbalists in Tins at 1/- each. Free Samples sent on receipt of Post Card to POTTER & CLARKE, Wholesale Druggists, London, E.

£250 TO BE GIVEN AWAY.

NO PRIZE LESS THAN TEN SHILLINGS.

WE WISH TO ADVERTISE OUR NAME AND SELL OUR GOODS EXTENSIVELY among the Readers of this magazine, and to introduce ourselves quickly we are prepared to be even more generous than some of our competitors. We have therefore decided to make the above handsome prize offer, which, however, we can only keep open for a very short time. This is what you have to do:—

HERE IS A PUZZLE.

	5	

Every person who solves it will be entitled to participate in our Grand Money Distribution Scheme, in which we are offering £250 in Cash Prizes, and we Guarantee that NO PRIZE will be LESS THAN TEN SHILLINGS. Even if you do not care to compete for a money prize you will find the puzzle interesting enough to form a valuable addition to your home circle. It is not necessary to use our printed diagram. The diagram can be roughly made out, and the figures filled in on a sheet of note paper.

The diagram shows nine squares, with the figure 5 occupying the centre square. The puzzle is to place a different figure in each of the remaining eight squares so that on the columns being added the result will be 15 each way. That is to say, each column will add 15 up and down, across each row, and diagonally from corner to corner. You can use the figures 1, 2, 3, 4, 5, 6, 7, 8, 9, and can place them exactly as you choose in order to obtain this result, but the figure 5 must not be removed from the centre of the square.

At first sight you may think the puzzle is much simpler than it really is. As a matter of fact, you will find it necessary to think hard and experiment a good deal before you get it correct. But it is very interesting, and is surely well worth trying.

If you succeed in getting the correct answer, send on your solution to us, enclosing at the same time Postal Order for 1s. 6d. (and two penny stamps to pay the postage) for one of our beautiful Zambesi Diamond Brooches and Gent's Scarf Pins, on which we make a slight profit, which will help to pay the cost of this advertisement. The Brooches or Pins are fitted with lovely Zambesi Diamonds. These Diamonds are not Nature's production, but are chemically made by a secret process lately discovered, which you have probably read of in the newspapers, and which, at present, are all the rage in the West End of London.

Send your answer at once, together with your Postal Order for one shilling and sixpence, and two penny stamps for postage. In writing state whether Mr., Mrs., or Miss. State also how you wish your prize money sent—whether Bank Cheque, Postal Orders, or in cash in a registered envelope. We will send it in any way you desire. All prizes will be promptly awarded.

NORMAN & CO. (DEPT. 58), 9, Southampton Street, LONDON, W.C.

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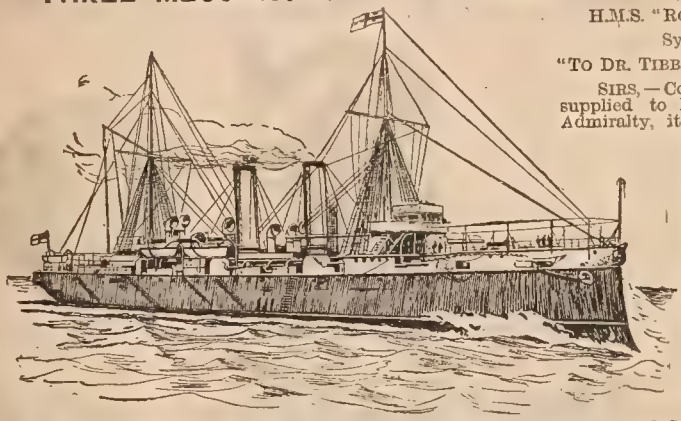
H.M.S. ROYAL ARTHUR,

FLAGSHIP OF THE AUSTRALIAN SQUADRON AND

DR. TIBBLES' Vi-Cocoa

THREE MESSMATES of the AUSTRALIAN SQUADRON write:-



H.M.S. "ROYAL ARTHUR,"

Sydney, N.S.W., 4th August, 1899.

"TO DR. TIBBLES' VI-COCOA COMPANY.

SIRS,—Cocoa being a daily ration supplied to Her Majesty's ships by the Admiralty, it may be taken for granted that men who have been in the Royal Navy for over seventeen years, as we have each been, are not bad judges of that article. Recently we were recommended to try Dr. Tibbles' Vi-Cocoa, which we did, and after a trial of some months we are so pleased with it, that we have made up our minds to send you this expression of its nourishing and sustaining qualities. IN ALL OUR EXPERIENCE WE HAVE NEVER COME ACROSS ITS EQUAL."

Dr. Tibbles' Vi-Cocoa can be obtained from all Grocers, Chemists, and Stores, or from 60, 61, and 62, Bunhill Row, London, E.C. **Dainty Sample Free** on application if you mention THE ROYAL MAGAZINE.

Taken by an Amateur with Vive No. 1. (*Actual size.*)

DAYLIGHT-LOADING TOURIST

VIVES

are the only Daylight-Loading Cameras made and sold for

CLASS PLATES,

CUT FILMS (HEAVY), or

CARTRIDGE ROLL FILMS.

No Holders required.

GUINEA VIVES

LEAD EVERYWHERE.

Take **Larger** and **Better Pictures** than any other Camera at anywhere near their price.

24 *Glass Plates* or **72 *Cut Films***

(4¼ by 4¼ or any smaller size) can be carried and exposed without reloading.

VIVE

Lenses are Unequalled

High grade leather covering and finish throughout.

EVERY CAMERA GUARANTEED

to take pictures equal to the fine embossed mounted sample photo, sent on receipt of two penny stamps.

ART CATALOGUE, FREE.

VIVE CAMERA CO.

(*Manufacturers of Cameras and all kinds of Photographic Supplies*)

London: No. 1, Regent House, Regent Street, W.

Home Office: **Chicago.**

New York. Boston.

Hud So

For Spring and

DON'T READ THIS! Unless you like Music.

MANDOLINES, from 7/6.

VIOLINS, Outfits, complete, from 6/6. **BANJOS,** from 7/6.

A single article at wholesale price, & sent carriage paid anywhere in the United Kingdom. Easy Self-Instructor sent with each instrument. Send for our Price List, Free on application.—THE STAINER MANUFACTURING Co., Ltd. (R. Dept.), 92, St. Martin's Lane, London, W.C.

A FACT! LADIES! OUR FABRICS will PLEASE You TEST IT! Kindly WRITE for PATTERNS.

"IDEAL" EMPIRE COSTUME CLOTHS

"EMPIRE"

STYLISH COSTUME CLOTHS

WILL NOT SHRINK OR SPOT WITH RAIN

ENGLISH MAKE. ALWAYS GAINING FRESH GROUND.

LADIES! Our charming Dress Novelties will delight you. By placing contracts before the large advance of Wool, we can save you at least 25 p.c.

OUR NEW EMPIRE COSTUME CLOTHS are finished on the latest principle, and will not shrink or spot with rain. Super faced finish, **1/6, 1/9** and **2/2** per yard, and in plain cloth finish, **2/-** per yard, 54 inches wide, in Black and latest fashionable shades, carriage paid. They are specially adapted for the style of Costume so much in vogue.

LEADING DRESS NOVELTIES. We have a large assortment in Costume Cloths, Bengalines, New Voiles, Cashmeres, Alpacas, Mohairs, Mercerised Figures, Serges, Coverts, &c., from **9d.** to **5/-** per yd.

SPECIAL VALUE IN BLACK DRESS GOODS. 5/6 Remnant Bundles. Patterns and Catalogue free. Coupon value **1/-** to **2/6** (Regd.), with each dress length.

HARTLEY & CO., THE WAREHOUSE, D 39, CANAL RD, LEEDS.

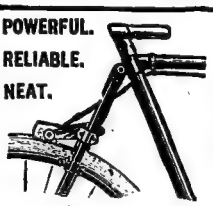
2/9 TRIAL BOTTLE FOR 1/9

ASBROCO

For COUGHS, ASTHMA, BRONCHITIS, &c.

This Remedy has now been in successful use for many years; it is perfectly safe for adults or children. To induce you to give it a trial a large 2/9 bottle will be sent, post free, if P.O. or Stamps for 1/9 be received by April 30 next. We are quite satisfied that any user giving a trial will find **ASBROCO** of great value. Address—THE ASBROCO Co., 48, GRESHAM STREET, LONDON, E.C.

POWERFUL. RELIABLE. NEAT.



PNEUMATIC CYCLE BRAKES

Over 150,000 Sold.

PRICES { Rim Brake .. 20/- ; Tyre Brake .. 14/- ; Tandem Brake .. 28/-

All Post Free. If not satisfied on receipt, money returned.

Full particulars and Postal Orders to

THE PNEUMATIC BRAKE CO., LTD., 1, Egerton St., Salford, Manchester

FRILLED BUTTER MUSLIN

For ARTISTIC HOME DECORATION.

White, Cream, Ecru and 12 Art Shades. CURTAINS, frilled two sides and bottom, 3 yards long, 56 in. wide, 6/9 per pair; 3½ yards, 7/9 per pair. *May also be had by the yard, 56 in. wide, frilled both sides,* 11½*d. per yard.* Sample Book of Plain and Fancy Muslins sent on approval. ROLLER-BLINDS, edged with Lace or Fringe, from 4/- each. Samples of Materials on approval. ROMAN CARPETS, TAPESTRIES, CRETONNES, FANCY VELVETS, ART SILKS, ART LINENS, PLUSHETTES, ART SERGES, &c. Patterns on approval. Table Covers, Cushion Squares, Mantel Borders. Picture Book of Lace Curtains, Roller Blinds, Heavy Curtains, Carpets, Rugs, Mats, Stair Pads, Linoleum Cork Carpet, &c., Post Free.

LACE CURTAINS ***DIRECT FROM THE WAREHOUSE.***

THE HAPPY HOME PARCEL. 1 pair elegant Drawing-room Curtains, 4 yds. long, 2 yds. wide; 1 pair splendid Dining-room Curtains, 3½ yds. long, 52 in. wide; 1 pair Breakfast Room Curtains, floral style, 3 yds. long, 52 in. wide; 1 pair pretty Bedroom Curtains, 3 yds. long, 40 in. wide. All taped edges. 1 Lace Stand Cover, 2 Real Lace Toilet Mats. The Lot, carriage paid, 17s. 6d. White or Ecru. Such handsome value has never before been offered. Money returned if not approved. Picture Book of Lace Curtains, Roller Blinds, Frilled Curtains, Carpets, Rugs, Mats, Felts, &c., Post Free.

GORRINGE ART CARPETS

Direct from the Warehouse. Marvellous Value. An entirely new Seamless and Reversible Carpet. May be had in Moss-Green, Terra Cotta, Art Blue, and Crimson. It is the most durable carpet made, and will wear for years when subjected to the hardest wear. 6 ft. by 9 ft., 9/-; 7½ ft. by 9 ft., 11/3; 9 ft. by 9 ft., 13/6; 10½ ft. by 9 ft., 18/9; 12 ft. by 9 ft., 18/-; 13½ ft. by 9 ft., 20/3; 10½ ft. by 10½ ft., 18/6; 12 ft. by 10½ ft., 21/6; 13½ ft. by 10½ ft., 23/9; 12 ft. by 12 ft., 24/-; 13½ ft. by 12 ft., 27/-; 15 ft. by 12 ft., 30/-; 18 ft. by 12 ft., 36/-; 21 ft. by 12 ft., 42/-. HEARTH-RUGS to match, 6 ft. by 3 ft., 3/- each. GORRINGE ART STAIR CARPET to match, 18 in. wide, 10½d.; 22 in., 1/0½; 27 in., 1/3 per yard. Plain, 1½d. per yard less. Patterns on approval. Lists Free. Linoleums, Cork Carpet, Matting, &c.

H. GORRINGE & CO., 68a Dept., Nottingham.

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SON'S AP

Summer Cleaning

BRITAIN'S BEST FREE WHEEL.

HOBART *Free Wheel* ***CYCLES***

FROM TEN GUINEAS.
INCLUDING FREE WHEEL AND RIM BRAKE.

HOBART WORKS, COVENTRY; 20, HOLBORN VIADUCT, E.C., and Leading Agents.

FITS CURED

From the first dose of **OZERINE** fits cease. It has cured **PERMANENTLY** the very worst cases of Epilepsy when every other remedy had failed. Price **4/6** and **11/-**, post free. Thousands of Testimonials. **Send for a Free Sample Bottle** and Test it. **Write to Dept. B., W. NICHOLL, *Pharmaceutical Chemist*, 25, HIGH ST., BELFAST.**

Astounding Value! Worth 30/-
Thousands sold during last season.

CYCLIST'S COMPLETE OUTFIT

21/- Carriage Paid.

Comprising Suit, Cap, Stockings, Sweater, Belt, Shoes, and Tie.
Better Qualities, **28/6, 35/-**

Cycle Suit, made of Khaki Cloth, **12/6**. Khaki All-Wool Serge, **24/6** (as worn by our Troops in South Africa); Norfolk Jacket, **4/-** extra. Khaki Cloth, **1/-** per yard, 27 inches wide. Khaki Serge, **4/9** per yard, 54 inches wide.

FREE New Catalogue, post free, with any range of patterns desired.

HENOCHSBERG & ELLIS,
Islington, Liverpool (Est. 1877);
and at Durban and Johannesburg.

MACONOCHIE'S

Dainty Foods *ARE OBTAINABLE ALL OVER THE WORLD.*

. . SPECIALLY FOR INVALIDS. . .

MACONOCHIE'S ESSENCE OF BEEF.

MACONOCHIE'S JULIENNE SOUP. Prepared from the formula of one of the finest Chefs of the day.

Please send for Sample Tin, sufficient to make a pint, post free, 6d.

For Breakfast or Tea— **PATÉS, CAMP PIES, POTTED MEATS, SALMON & SHRIMP PASTE.**

TRY THEM FOR SANDWICHES. SAMPLE PÂTÉ, POST FREE, 6d.

MACONOCHIE BROS., 131, Leadenhall St., London, E.C.

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ROBINSON & CLEAVER

BELFAST, and

164, 166 & 170, REGENT ST., LONDON, W.

CAMBRIC POCKET HANDKERCHIEFS.

Samples Post Free.

BORDERED.
Children's ... 1/3 per doz.
Ladies'... ... 2/3 „
Gents' ... ... 3/3 „

HEMSTITCHED.
Ladies'... ... 2/9 per doz.
Gents' 3/11

LINEN COLLARS, CUFFS & SHIRTS.

Illustrated Price Lists Post Free.

Ladies', from 3/6 per doz.
Gents', 4-fold, 4/11 „
Cuffs for Ladies or Gentlemen, from 5/11 doz.
Matchless Shirts, fine quality Long-cloth, with 4-fold pure Linen Fronts and Cuffs, 35/6 the ½-doz. (to measure. 2/- extra.)

IRISH DAMASK TABLE & HOUSE LINEN.

Fish Napkins, 2/11 per doz.
Dinner „ 5/6 „
Table Cloths, 2 yds. square, 2/6 each. 2½ by 3 yds., 5/6 each.
Kitchen Table Cloths, 11½d. each.
Real Irish Linen Sheeting, fully bleached, 2 yds. wide, 1/11 per yd.

Roller Towelling, 3d. per yd. Dusters, from 3/3 per doz. Linen Glass Cloths, 4/9 per doz.

N.B.—To prevent delay, all Letter-orders and Inquiries for Samples should be sent direct to Belfast.

IRON YOUR LINEN WITHOUT FIRE

No Smell.

No Smoke.

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THE ROYAL MAGAZINE.

PUBLISHED MONTHLY.

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Cases for the first three half-yearly Volumes of THE ROYAL MAGAZINE are now ready, and can be obtained at the Publishing Office, price 1/- each, or post free, 1/2.

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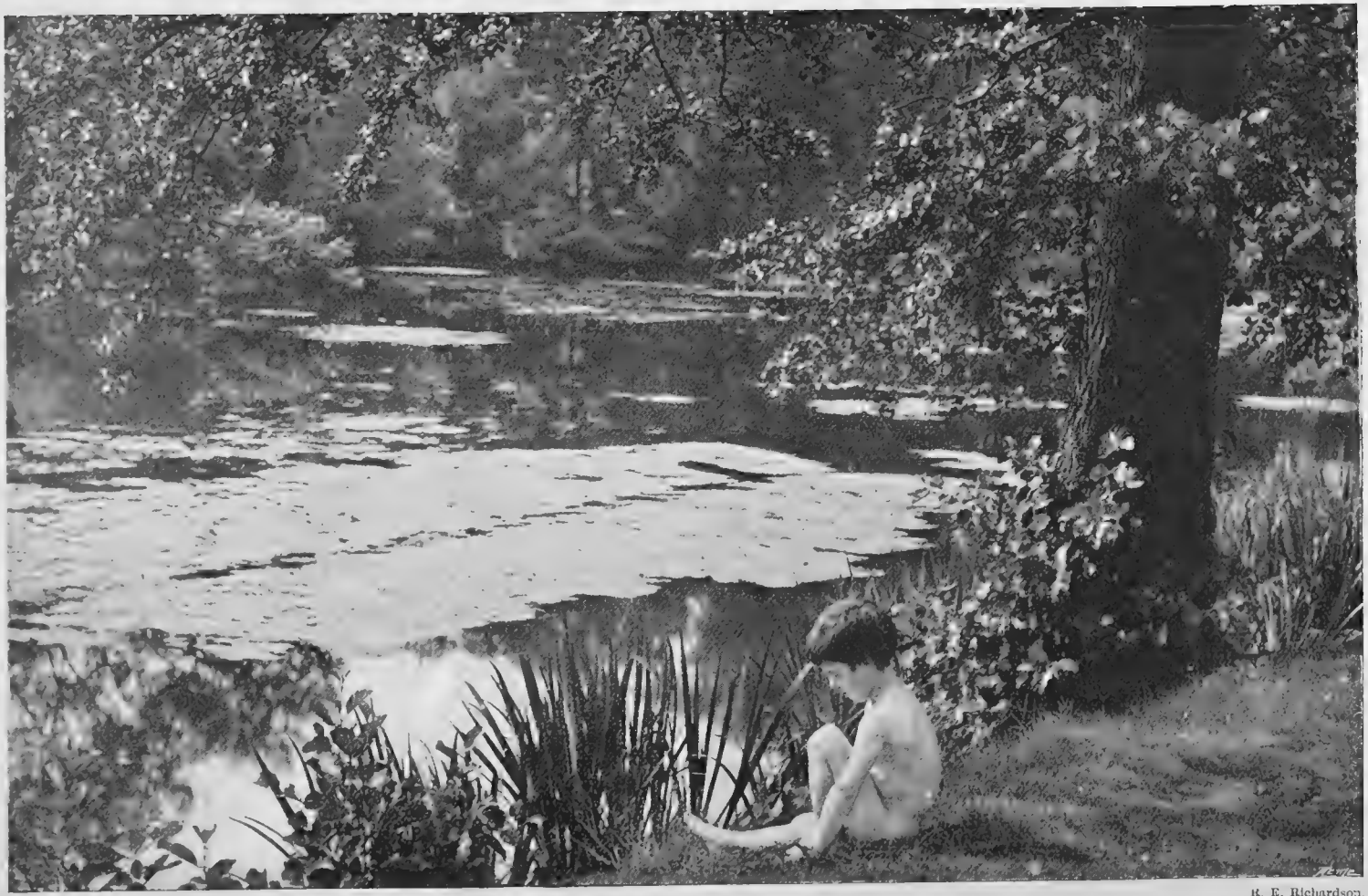

Photo by R. E. Richardson.

THE HOME OF THE WATER-SPRITE.

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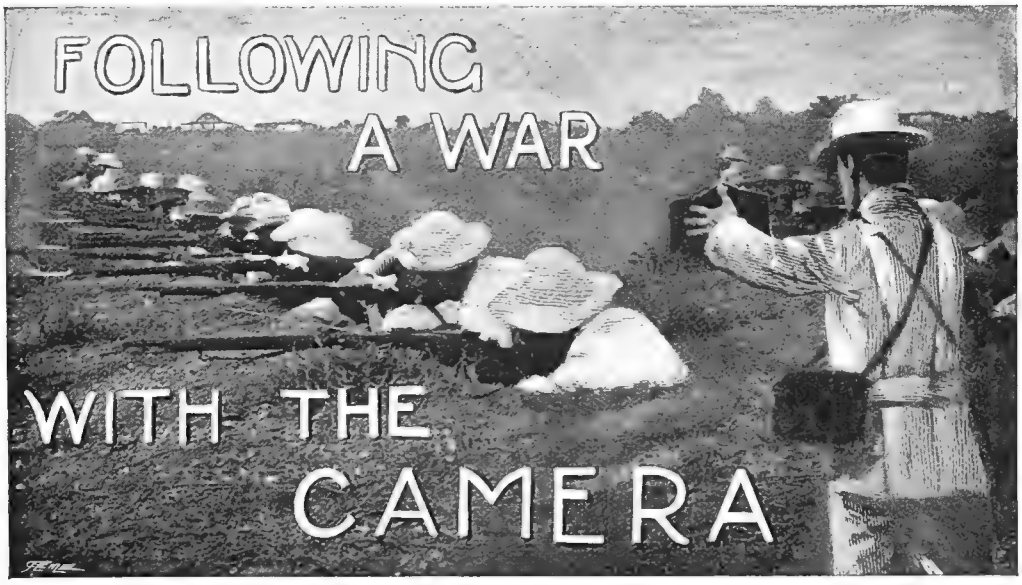

By Charles Ray.

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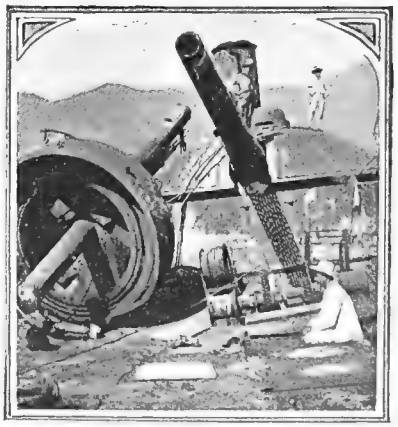
What is war? This is a question that has been asked over and over again and answered in many different ways. Some people look upon war as the most glorious of all incidents in human life; others regard it as the greatest of horrors, and others again as a mere timely diversion to relieve the monotony of peace. But, after all, very few people other than those who have been engaged in warfare, have any real idea of what war means. The newspapers give long detailed accounts of engagements and especially mention those soldiers and officers who have distinguished themselves in valour and daring. Little, however, is said of the dark side of warfare—of those who have lost their lives, or been maimed or wounded for the flag under which they are fighting. The numbers of killed, wounded, and prisoners, are, of course, cabled and later a full list of names, as near as possible, is published. But, after all, we may read and read again of war, of battles, of skirmishes, and of night attacks, and be very little nearer to a proper understanding of what war is than when we started.

After "Dewey" morning in Manila Bay. All that could be seen of the Spanish warship "Don Antonio de Ulloa."

It is this fact which has led to the extraordinary multiplication of illustrated journals, some published specially during a war for the sole purpose of presenting to their subscribers more



Another of the Spanish warships after the battle. The big gun is dismantled, and a fighting top has crashed down upon the deck.

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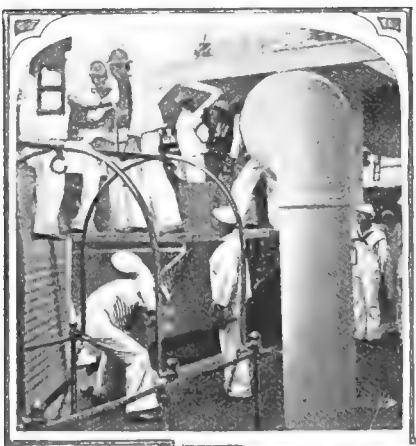
or less realistic pictures of the fighting in which their friends and comrades are engaged. Of course, illustrated newspapers as such, are of comparatively modern date, but it is a remarkable fact bearing out what has already been stated, that amongst the earliest records of man found among the ruins of Nineveh and Egypt are rough pictures of battle-scenes carved in stone and impressed in clay. Evidently it has always been understood that something more is needed to convey a real idea of warfare than mere written description.

For instance, many readers of this article who have been to the Assyrian Department of the British Museum, will remember a bas-relief from the walls of the Palace of Assur-nasir-pal, King of Assyria, discovered at Calah, showing the siege of a city in the year 885 B.C. It is vastly different to a modern siege with long range guns and howitzers and lyddite shells, worked by a specially drilled siege train. The men of the ancient city are simply defending themselves with bows and arrows, and some, for no reason at all, are tumbling over the walls into the enemy's trenches. Two Assyrian soldiers are undermining the foundations, and have already dislodged nineteen bricks with little shovels. In another part of the bas-relief a battering ram, almost as large as the city itself, has been skilfully manœuvered so as to form a breach.

A picket on duty at Calorcan.



These are the men of the battleship "Oregon" using one of their quick-firing guns with deadly effect upon the Filipino insurgents. The ship is in Manila Bay.

Similar work is being here done by the "Raleigh," which was the ship that fired the first shot in the war between Spain and the United States.

Many similar scenes will be found among the sculptures of ancient Egypt, and so on right down through history, the Harleian and Cotton manuscripts and the Bayeux tapestry being particularly interesting as shewing how our own ancestors endeavoured to portray to their contemporaries and to posterity the fierce conflicts in which they engaged.

But all this is by the way. The object of this article is to show how wonderfully this old idea of illustrating warfare by pictures has been developed and brought almost to perfection in our days. It was in the Crimean War, I think, that the first photographer made his appearance on active service. I do not know his name, nor do I know if he obtained any pictures—probably not—but I distinctly remember seeing somewhere a picture of the curious caravan which he carted about with him in the Crimea. He was the first of a large army of photographers who have at different times since endeavoured to snapshot soldiers (and also sailors, for the matter of that) actually engaged in fighting an enemy. No doubt many readers of this article have seen reproductions of such photographs in the weekly illustrated journals. These correspondents have often

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A United States battery attacking an insurgent position near San Pedro, Macati. The Filipinos were driven out and the position taken by the Americans.

This photograph shows the 6th battery of American artillery at the actual work of clearing the woods, near Pasay, of Filipino insurgents.

shewn marvellous ingenuity in securing their pictures, but for real enterprise, combined with systematic persistence amongst photographers the firm of Messrs. Underwood take first place. Their idea is to secure stereoscopic photographs of battles and skirmishes and warfare in all its branches, so that by using these in a stereoscope, a civilian at home shall no longer be left to imagine what war is like, but shall have it "right there in front of him." When the Græco-Turkish war broke out, a photographer was sent to the front at a few hours' notice, and he obtained some really wonderful pictures of the Greek troops in action. One, which I have seen, shows a skirmish at Tyrnavo on the Turkish frontier. The men are seen crouching beneath heaps of stones which they have erected as protection from the fire of their opponents. The photographer necessarily underwent great risks, and sustained several narrow escapes, but the success of the enterprise was sufficient to make it worth while to follow a campaign throughout with the camera. This has been done in a thoroughly effective manner in the Philippine Islands, and from the complete set of photographs taken by the photographers at various points in the islands, the ROYAL MAGAZINE is able to present its readers with a series of photographs certainly unique. Here are photographs, not mere sketches by war-artists, but actual fac-similes of real scenes in the field and camp and trenches.

The first photograph shows the destroyed Spanish war ship, *Don Antonio de Ulloa*, on the morning after the battle in Manila Bay when Admiral Dewey won his great victory. The *Don Antonio de Ulloa* was one of the worst sufferers in this fight, and was struck in many places below the water line, so that she settled down fairly and squarely without turning to one side or the other. All that could be seen when daylight dawned, were the funnels, the foreward barbette and the davits. The masts had been shot away with their fighting tops, and, as an eye-witness

A general and his staff watching a battle.

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Washington troops at Taquig Church, just before they charged the Filipinos. The sentinels on top are watching the enemy.

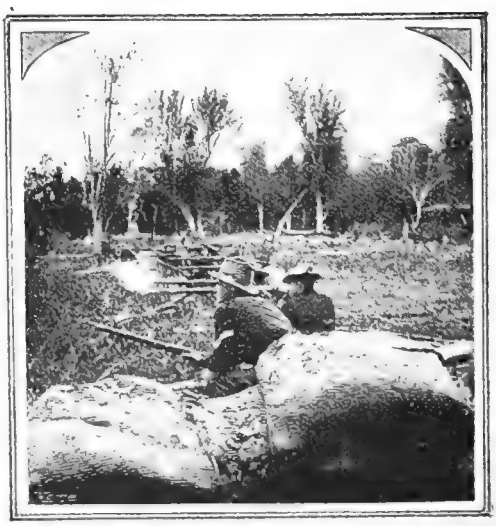
The interior of Santa Ana Church during a fight with the Filipinos. It was temporarily transformed into a field hospital.

remarked, the sunken ship looked very much like the skeleton of a whale. The photograph was taken from the deck of one of the American cruisers, by special permission of the officer in command, as was also the other photograph of a wrecked Spanish warship.

The two next photographs show the United States blue-jackets at the serious work of bombarding an insurgent position after the terms of peace had been arranged between Madrid and Washington. The men do not appear very much concerned, but this is easily explicable by the fact that the enemy were unable to reply and the guns were only being fired to dislodge the enemy from their position so that the American troops on land might advance.

In the fifth photograph, we get a volunteer of the United States army on picket duty. The enemy were actually within a mile or so of the American lines and the photographer was able to snapshot the picket while the latter was quite unconscious of the photographer's presence. This says a good deal for the attention to his duty which the soldier was exhibiting.

American soldiers entrenched at Pasay firing upon the enemy.



Driving the insurgents through the jungle near Pasig.

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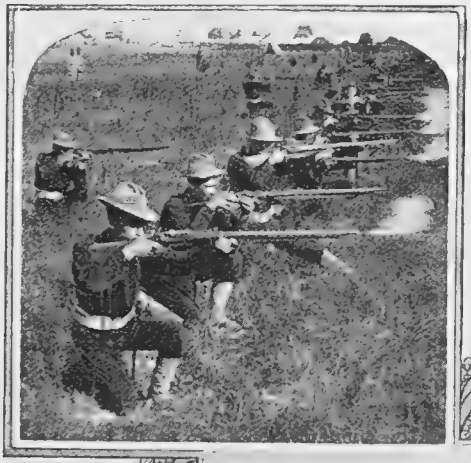
The two following photographs shew the sixth battery of artillery at work. In one case they are dislodging a small force of Filipino insurgents from a sheltered position, which they had taken up near San Pedro Marcati; whilst, in the other, a battery had been ordered out to clear the woods near Pasay of the enemy which were lurking within its shelter. It is interesting to note that in both cases our American cousins were successful.

The eighth photograph shows a commanding officer and his staff watching an engagement.

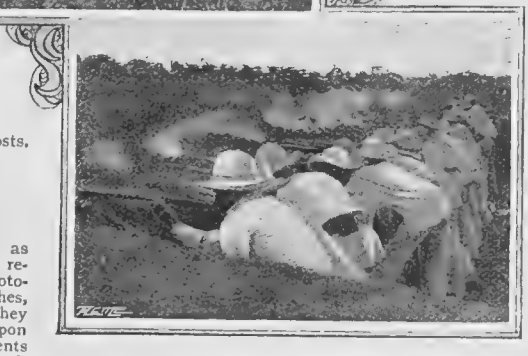
The Americans are very quick at preparing entrenchments. This photograph was taken at the moment when the insurgents were approaching to the attack.

Here is the same line of skirmishers a few moments later when firing had actually commenced.

The two following photographs are unique, in that they are, so far as can be ascertained, the only photographs ever taken shewing churches being adapted for the use of warfare. In the first case the Filipinos advanced against the Taquig Church, where the Washington troops were obliged to entrench themselves behind a stone wall. On top of the church may be descried two sentinels watching the enemy, who at the time the photograph was taken were not more than a mile distant. The other church portrayed has been turned into a field hospital. Wounded insurgents have been brought in, and a sentinel holding a rifle is seen sitting upon a chair and watching the window.



Here are the Pennsylvanian volunteers skirmishing and driving the enemy from their posts.



The insurgents, as shewn in this remarkable photograph, dig trenches, behind which they hide and fire upon their opponents when the latter advance. They are almost invariably driven from their trenches.

The two succeeding photographs were taken at the engagement at Pasay. Here the American soldiers, who were expecting an attack from the insurgents, entrenched themselves and fired as the enemy advanced. This demoralised the latter, who retired, and thereupon the Americans advanced and drove the insurgents through the jungle, falling upon one knee and firing in line, and then rising and running forward to a more advanced position, repeating the tactics until they had achieved their object.

The next four photographs have a peculiar interest, because from these we are able

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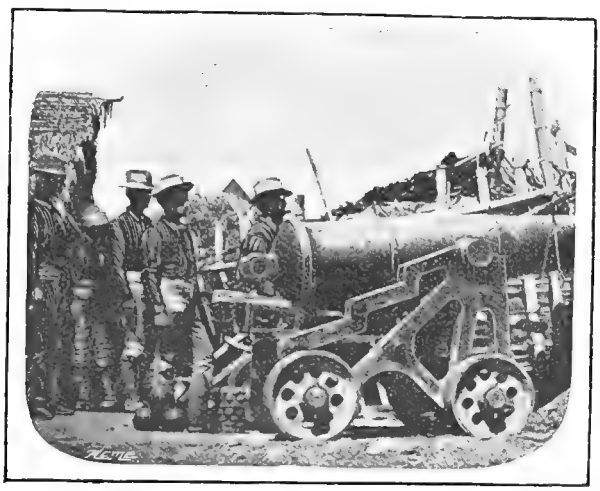
to see exactly how troops appear under rifle fire. In the first case, a Volunteer regiment is seen skirmishing. The enemy was not then formidable, and the men do not seem very much concerned. The photograph was taken at great risk by the correspondent who stood at one end of the line and slightly in advance of it, sheltered behind a small hillock.

A photograph inside a field hospital during a battle. The wounded Filipinos were treated by the American doctors as tenderly as the United States soldiers themselves.

Here is another field hospital of the Americans. It is curious that nine-tenths of the cases treated in such hospitals were not Americans, but Filipinos, whose medical arrangements were very crude indeed.

The next picture shows a particularly respectable contingent of the insurgents lying sheltered in a trench, awaiting the advance of their enemies. The photographer had special permission from their chief to photograph the position just before firing commenced.

The other two pictures are of a more important skirmish than that previously referred to. In this case the enemy were in considerable force, and the Americans found it necessary to exercise more caution and strategy. They prepared for the enemy by digging rifle pits in which they lay at full length, resting their rifles on the earth, which was removed from the pits and piled up in little mounds before the men. Another photograph shows the enemy's fortifications at Las Pinas within a few minutes after the Americans had captured them. The big gun looks very formidable, and its report on being fired was even more so, but, as a matter of fact, it did not do a single cent's worth of damage. Its range was slight, and it fired nothing but old fashioned cannon balls unloaded with explosives. It is amusing to think that the insurgents considered this antiquated weapon as their finest instrument for attacking that victorious American Fleet which had sunk the Spanish squadron.



Noisy but harmless. An old cannon at Las Palmas used against the United States fleet by the insurgents.

Two photographs are given of a temporary field hospital erected during an engagement. In both cases the wounded are insurgents, who are receiving just as careful attention from the American doctors and surgeons as if they had belonged to the United States Army.

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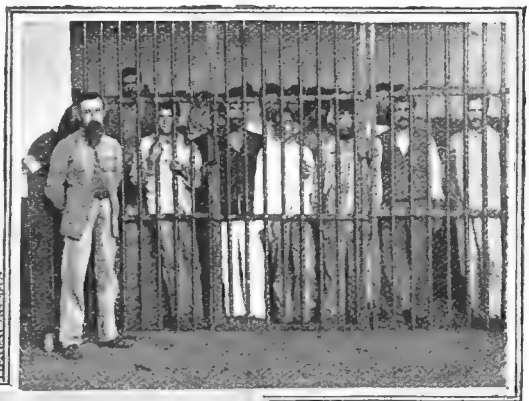
Lack of space prevents the publication of more than three other photographs, with which the present series must be brought to a close. These are of prisoners of war, the last picture showing how the Filipinos treat recalcitrant prisoners. Certainly it will be agreed that these men stand little chance of escaping.

Later on we hope to publish a similar series of photographs of real warfare taken by the same photographers, shewing the progress of the campaign in South Africa.

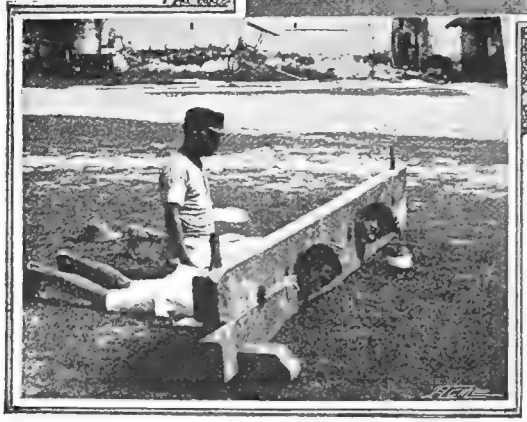
Of course, the difficulties which beset the man who carries a camera in the present war against the Transvaal and Orange Free State are infinitely greater than those which confront the photographer in the Philippines. In the latter case the foe which our American cousins are warring with is, to say the least, beneath contempt. They have no modern arms, no engineering skill worth speaking of, and their courage and cunning are of no extraordinary character. On the other hand, look at the Boers. They are armed with the finest rifles, the most modern guns of position, and can move the latter from place to place with even greater ease than our men can move their big guns. Then the Boers understand most thoroughly the work of throwing up trenches, the sighting of their weapons, and all the various mechanical devices which go to make war nowadays so great a test of engineering skill.

The Filipinos have only obsolete cannon like that shown in one of our photographs. The mysteries of modern shells loaded with lyddite, shrapnel, etc., are quite unknown to them, except in so far as they have suffered from these death-dealing devices. Hence the photographer is able to accompany the American troops right into the lines, and the danger he runs of being shot or having his instruments smashed, or, at any rate, damaged, is small compared with the terrible risk of his brother photographer in the Transvaal. It is, indeed, marvellous that any photographs at all are taken on the field of battle in South Africa, but the photographer has his full share of daring and courage, and, like his journalistic brother, will stick at nothing to fulfil his duty, which is to get the very latest incidents. Quite a number of cameras are said to have been lost and damaged during the campaign against the Boers, but the photographer does not know the meaning of the word failure, and there are few but have taken two or three instruments with them on their dangerous trip.



Prisoners of war detained behind iron bars.

Prisoners of war asleep in their prison.



This is how the Filipinos treat such of their own people as they suspect of leaning towards the Americans. The photograph was taken at Pasig.

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In The Shadow of Death

By Mary M. Grose.

Dawn is just breaking. I can see the square of the heavily-grated window take form again; can even (for our prison fronts the *Place*) distinguish the faint outline of the topmost boughs of a slender poplar, planted—not many months since, as men reckon time—there in the market-square for all to see, with song and dance and waving of the Tricolour, with cries of "*Liberté!*" "*Egalité!*" "*Fraternité!*" Ah, poor Tree of Liberty, standing there to-day, a bitter commentary on those cries—serving now but to darken yet more our gloomy cell! You were happier out in the country, with the cheerful murmur of the brook coming to you across quiet green meadows—with the wide white high road running at your feet. There is a road here also—which you watch, I sometimes dream, unwillingly—a road much traversed in these days, albeit allowing of no halt, no return. For it leads—it is but a few steps—from the prison to the guillotine.

That stands, ever ready, close at hand. When the sun rises, its gaunt shadow—the shadow of Death incarnate—will fall athwart the market square, across the poplar, and pass slowly, slowly, like a grim menacing finger, along the prison sill. I have watched that creeping shadow for many weary days. I shall watch it but once more.

And the poor Tree of Liberty, it too sickens under that baleful shadow, I have fancied, and (used only to the murmur of its brook), shrinks also from the hoarse shouts, "*A bas les ci-devants, suspect, suspect! A la guillotine!*"—from the clicking needles of "les tricoteuses"—the rattle of the falling knife. The waters of the stream it used to know were white and clear—the river here runs red.

It is almost daylight now. My poor friends still sleep—better so. Friends, I say, for though we have known one another only a few days—one makes (and loses) friends quickly in prison. How many I have seen come and go from this narrow cell—strange irony that I, I, should have been spared so long. Marie de Veiullac's head rests on my knee, and her small fingers still clasp my hand. Madame d'Armières slumbers too, but there are no traces of tears on her proud courageous face. "I have lived to see my home wrecked, my property confiscated, my husband shot, my son guillotined. After that—what would you? One feels no more," she said to me last night. When her sentence was pronounced, "In the name of the Republic, death!" she faced her judges, calm as ever. "My thanks, citizens, for your grant of liberty," she said.

Yes, they sleep, but I—I could not rest. As the light faded, and the squalid chamber grew dim, what pictures thronged my brain! Instead of the miserable room, furnished but with one wretched pallet, a couple of stools, and a coarse bowl and pitcher—I saw again an old, many-turreted castle in the Limousin, with its broad terraces and wide chestnut

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avenue, and the straggling village street lying at the foot of the low hill. The Château d'Argentan was my home for some two years —would that I had never seen it!

Its walls received me when, accompanied only by my faithful servant Margaret, I, Lucie Elliott, journeyed from England to my only surviving relative, Madame la Comtesse d'Argentan. She welcomed me with a gracious hospitality that should have won my gratitude, at least—she and her daughter Hélène.

But my passionate, rebellious nature blinded me to all gentle influences. Always wild and undisciplined, only my father's dying command had prevailed with me to come, penniless and friendless, to seek madame's protection. And having come—I hated my new life, despised the luxury that surrounded me, thought madame's stately ways intolerable, Hélène's grace mere artificiality, her patient practice of her religion but superstition. Because she was calm I thought her cold, and her gentleness I disdained as weakness.

I little knew to what depths of hate and jealousy it would lead me—such depths that if little Marie here, or Madame d'Armières, knew my story, they would shrink from, and despise, me. Nay, so low have I fallen that I have no right to shudder back even from the butchers of the Revolutionary Tribunals—I also am of their accursed brotherhood. I too must bear the brand of Cain when I shall stand before the Eternal Bar. Though other hands than mine struck the fatal blow, I, in the eyes of God, am Hélène's murderess. For I spoke the lies that sent her to her doom.

I can see now how my first feelings of envy towards her grew and deepened, unchecked, until after the coming of M. de St. Christophe, they blazed suddenly into a fierce and cruel hatred.

At the time of my arrival, he had been absent in Paris, but after his return, we met often. His lands marched with those of Argentan, and madame, bewildered by the troubles that seemed gathering on every hand, often sought his help and counsel.

Tall, dark, resolute, of a commanding presence — Eugène de St. Christophe was one who naturally inspired confidence. His courage was beyond question, his courtesy perfect. He was a man to win the heart of any girl. I admired, I trusted, finally, I loved him—and for a brief space (blind, blind that I was !) I fancied my love returned. I was possessed of beauty and of wit; I had put forth all my attractions—it did not seem strange to me that he should be captivated.

So, for a while, I dreamed my dream of coming happiness for the future, of sweet hopes for the present. I never saw that, though his first word might be for me, his first glance was ever for Hélène; that he gave me admiration, indeed, but admiration only—she had his heart.

A chance word of his one day enlightened me—— Was I mad that afternoon—mad, then and afterwards, until that night in madame's boudoir——? Sometimes I have thought so.

I learnt then, too, for the first time, that he and Hélène had been betrothed from infancy.

I stood looking at the full-length Portrait of Hélène.

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It had been the favourite project of the old Comte d'Argentan.

I stood that evening in the great salon, looking long at a full-length portrait of Hélène that hung there. How came it that that slight girlish figure, that fair but colourless face, had such a charm for St. Christophe?

"She can never make him happy—never understand him—she is too cold, too shallow. She does not know the meaning of love," I said to myself.

As I turned away from the calm pictured face, Hélène's quiet grey eyes met mine half-wonderingly.

"You will be painted again, doubtless," I said, "when you become Madame la Comtesse de St. Christophe? I did not know before of your contract, Hélène."

"Did you not? I fancied that everyone knew. We have been betrothed ever since we were children," she replied softly.

"It is a strange custom. In England we would not endure it; we choose for ourselves."

"Even in France marriage may be of the heart," she rejoined smiling.

"May be," I repeated—"it is possible. But suppose such a contract as yours arranged, and that the lady should fail to win Monsieur's heart? For him—what escape? *Noblesse oblige.* And yet—I pity Madame most. To be married in mere obedience to the sense of honour, with no love to gild the bargain—with the bargain made, perhaps, still more hateful as being a barrier to the

He glanced sharply round the room and looked both surprised and suspicious.

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heart's desire — what a fate! Monsieur might play his part well—would, were he truly courteous —but some day she would learn the truth. I would rather die than live to know it!"

I saw her delicate face flush and pale, her white hands tremble, saw a startled piteous questioning in her troubled eyes.

"There might be means of escape for her if she were sure that she was not—could not be—beloved," she returned, a tremor in her voice.

"Ah, in that case it would be well to be assured—in time," I said.

"Yes, it would be well."

Thus I planted the first seed of distrust in her heart. No need now to recall how pitilessly I pursued my first advantage—to what means I stooped to gain my ends. Only let her believe his heart another's, and I could trust her pride to do the rest, I thought

And slowly but surely I succeeded in convincing her as I wished. She was proud—she made pretence of carelessness, she affected to disregard my words. But I knew that I was conquering. She was not always gentle now—she would sometimes shrink from me, sometimes seem cold and scornful. But I only smiled. I knew of the secret tears, the litanies, the wakeful nights.

As time went on, and troubles grew darker. St. Christophe was less and less at home, and his absence favoured my purpose. For I had tried to influence him too, and had failed absolutely. There was a certain simple directness about him that baffled all my hints and suggestions.

When the storm began to break, Madame would, I think, have followed the example set by the Polignacs, and emigrated — but Hélène was firm.

"We have nothing to fear, here in Argentan. We have done our people no wrong—they love us, I trust them, and we will not fly."

Then, later, flight became impossible.

Month by month the news from Paris grew more alarming, and the provinces became more disturbed. Terrible rumours of pillage, revenge, and murder began to reach us. Still, all was quiet in our immediate neighbourhood, and we thought ourselves safe, trusting our peasants as St. Christophe, (working now in Paris in the Royalist interest), trusted his.

But at length—it was the 10th of April, 1790—we watched for the first time a strange red glow in the sky, a baleful light that was to appear again and again as the weeks rolled by. Hélène saw it first as she sat by Madame's bedside—she was often ailing now, and we had been waiting with her, till at last she had sunk into a restless slumber—and at her low cry, "That light, Lucie, see! What can it be?" I turned, and marvelled too.

Next morning she came to me, white to the lips. "The glare we saw—it was the Château d'Epines. The peasants have sacked and burnt it—and murdered the steward."

Such a tale soon grew a commonplace.

There came a night when we stood, hour after hour, watching in helpless silence flames that rose and fell—how near us! We could hear, borne in snatches on the night-wind, horrible hoarse cries and shrieks: could see, as the devouring glare rose higher, lurid against the dark woods and quiet heaven, the familiar outline of the towers and turrets of the Château de St. Christophe, and knew that we saw them for the last time—that the morning sun would show instead but a pile of blackened ruins.

"*Précisément, mademoiselle,*" old Grégoire replied, in answer to my question next day, (only he and my faithful Margaret still remained with us, of all Madame's great establishment). "The castle exists no longer."

Hélène shuddered, but she spoke firmly. "You will contrive, without attracting notice, Grégoire, to discover whether (as I hope) poor Jacques and Margot have escaped. If so, let it be conveyed to them that I offer them shelter here. They are faithful servants of M. le Comte, and what aid I can give them is theirs."

"It would be unwise ——"

"It is my order."

"It is also, if mademoiselle will pardon me, unnecessary. The château is burnt, and (mademoiselle insists on explanations), Jacques also—though later. He refused information."

A sickening horror thrilled us at the fearful significance of his look and tone. "And poor Margot?" Hélène questioned faintly.

"She would not take advice. She was troublesome. She died too — and not quickly. It is unwise to provoke the people, mademoiselle will perceive. If she will listen to her servant, she herself will not go down to the village again. Even here, in Argentan, they are restless, excited."

Yet Grégoire went often to the village.

If escape had still been open to us, we should have attempted it then, I think; but it was not. Madame had become worse, to move her was impossible. She grew rapidly weaker, and, mercifully perhaps, was far

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past realisation of our dangers and perplexities.

For the first time, during those hours of ever-deepening peril, I began to see Hélène as she was, to feel a grudging admiration for her. Patience and resignation I despised—courage, I could value at its worth—and instead of the tears and prayers and weakness I expected, she displayed a quiet fortitude that amazed me. She even, in spite of old Grégoire's warning, still went down to the village from time to time.

"Marie Dubois is dying," she said when I remonstrated. "I cannot refuse to go to her.

One afternoon, all seeming quiet, she set out on her errand of mercy; but the hour of her expected return passed, and still she did not come. So long was she delayed that I grew anxious, and began to wander restlessly from one window of Madame's boudoir to another, looking vainly for her approach.

A sudden sound behind me made me turn with a start—just in time to see one of the Watteau-painted panels that decorated the room slide back, and Hélène step out from the opening. "Not a word—Grégoire—I hear his step." She crossed the room, and throwing herself into a chair, picked up a fan, and began to wave it languidly to and fro.

A few minutes later the old man entered with the evening meal. He glanced sharply round the room as he came in, and looked, I thought, both surprised and suspicious when his eyes fell on Hélène. But if she noticed his scrutiny, she gave no sign of doing so, and rose to take her place with perfect composure.

It seemed to me that the nightmare meal would never end, and that Grégoire made use of every device to prolong it.

"Draw then, children," she said.

When at last he was departing a new interruption occurred. A strange fancy of Madame's half-wandering brain prompted her to rise from her sick bed — she was well, quite well, she said — and take her place amongst us again. No, there should be no invalid *déshabillé*, she was tired of it. Where was her yellow brocade? and her hair must be dressed and powdered—Margaret must do it if Zélie were not at hand. She would not be gainsaid; and when at last she was ready, and seated in the boudoir—she complained that all was dim and gloomy. Grégoire must be sent for, and all the candles lit.

When her orders had been obeyed, and the room, with its pale pink draperies, its exquisite paintings and priceless china, its silks and satins and costly *bibelots*, was a blaze of light—nothing would serve but that Hélène should sing—Grégoire the while, on

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one pretence and another still contriving to linger. That song—its pathetic refrain still lingers in my ears:

"Il y a longtemps que je t'aime,
Jamais je ne t'oublierai."

When the last notes died away, she glanced round—yes, Grégoire had quitted us at last.

"He will return," she whispered hurriedly. "He is doubtful, suspicious. You were right, Lucie—he is a traitor. He tried to follow me to-day, and set Dubois on my track—but I evaded him. Yes, there is a secret passage from this room, it leads out beyond the château, into the woods. You must escape by it to-night—you and my mother and Margaret—for Marie warned me. It is for to-night—they are coming—Argentan is to share the fate of St. Christophe!"

"But Grégoire—does he not know ——"

"None knows the secret of that door save my mother and myself. Suspect? He may, perhaps—at least, one can see he is determined to keep a watch on us. At ten, under pretence of barring the doors, he is to open them and admit the mob. Till then we can do nothing."

"But Madame, how to move her?"

"Lucie, it is the only hope. It *must* be done; and she seems stronger to-night."

"But you, Hélène—you speak only of us?"

"I must remain here. For the panel can be opened from within—*but not closed.* If one does not remain, all must perish. Therefore ——"

"But why should it be you who ——"

"You are the guest of our house, Lucie. And—I have reasons."

I would not listen to this.

"We must draw lots," I said, "and abide by the decision."

In the end she was forced to yield, and hastily folding two narrow strips of paper, tossed them into a Sèvres vase. "She who draws the longer—goes," she said.

Madame's voice interrupted us. "What are you doing there? Is it some secret, then, that is to be hidden from me?"

"No, Madame. We are about to draw lots for a forfeit," I returned.

"Ah—forfeits—excellent. How many I used to know. Place the bowl here that I may see. There, I will shake it—and now, draw your lots."

It was a strange scene—the stately old lady in brocade and powder, seated in her great chair, the blazing wax-lights, the luxuriously beautiful room with its costly adornments and heavily perfumed air—while outside—surely one could hear ——? Yes, it came clearer now—the maddened peasants were already assembling—an ominous stir rose from the village — snatches of a wild revolutionary song came to our ears.

"Draw then, children," she said.

"Quick! Do not lose time!" Hélène breathed. Her lips quivered, her breath came thick and fast. Her courage had broken down at last, I thought, watching her with scarcely veiled contempt.

Then we drew. What was the stake? Life? No! I staked more. Love.

We drew.

I clutched my scrap of paper—looked at it—and laughed bitterly. My hopes were ended. "You have won," I said, "and I have lost ——"

"Make—make sure," Hèlène gasped. I saw her delicate fingers twitch nervously as they closed round the strip they had drawn. "We—must measure." And she held hers out.

For one second of torturing suspense, I was in doubt—then I knew that it was she, not I, who must pay the forfeit that night. She saw it too, and stood silent, with set lips.

"You have won," she said then.

"Yes." I shrank from looking at her. "Why did you make them so nearly of a length, Hélène? I fancied there had been more difference than this—and how you have twisted yours——"

"What matter? Throw them away—they have served their turn. Listen. Grégoire will be here directly, and there are directions you must hear, but first promise me, Lucie, that you will be true to Eugène. Make him happy! I know you divined long ago that I loved him, and, I think, if you had not come, all might have been well between us. At first I found it hard to forgive, but—no, I do not blame you now. You did not know of the contract—and who could help caring for him? The good God has comforted me, and—well, all is over now. Only—ah, Lucie, promise me!"

Her clear eyes were raised to mine, her voice shook with passionate entreaty, her little, trembling hands caught at my arm. "Lucie, promise!"

And I promised. True to him? Yes, that at least I was, and am—but for the rest, that vow was unfulfilled, though I would have given my heart's blood to keep it.

"The secret passage," I said then. "You have not told me——"

She gave the necessary directions, rapidly,

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Afterwards I learned how Hélène faced that hellish mob, and how she died.

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clearly—her agitation had vanished now. She had just ended when Grégoire rushed in.

"Ah! *les scélérats*! Madame hears? They are even now at the grand entrance."

Hélène and I were already drawing the heavy curtains closer across the windows.

"The great doors are barred, of course?" Hélène said, her lip curling as she spoke. "Go quickly, Grégoire, see if you can strengthen them at all."

He hastened away, Margaret following silently to lock the doors of the long suite behind him, when he should have passed on to work his deed of treachery. It would give us a few seconds more. And Hélène and I turned to Madame, trying to explain to her the need of instant flight. But our utmost urging could not convince her fevered brain.

"Our good peasants—there is nothing to fear. I will speak to them."

And suddenly, before we could stop her, she sprang to her feet and threw back the curtain from one window. There was a second's silence, and then came a perfect tempest of shrieks and yells, and a shower of stones from the furious mob below. The stones fell short, but there were other weapons in the crowd. One bullet shattered the glass, and missing Hélène by a hair's breadth, crashed into Madame's little golden clock, as the hands marked five minutes to the hour. Another—

We drew the curtain back once more, and laid Madame gently down. A dreadful stain spread rapidly over the yellow folds of her gown—the rich brocade was wet and soaked with the crimson stream. Hélène stooped over her for a moment, kissed the still lips, and rose dry-eyed.

"She is at rest. She died bravely, and she did not suffer. Thank God that she is dead."

"And now, there is but a moment—Lucie, go! Margaret, help her."

For I stood (I was on the threshold of the secret door), as though dazed, my eyes fixed on the spot where Hélène had been when she drew her lot. For there lay—*a tiny scrap of twisted paper.*

Margaret's strong arms urged me forward, and she had drawn me into the passage-way before I could find voice to speak. Hélène put out one hand to touch the spring—with the other she gently drew me down to her, and would have kissed me, but I shrank back.

"Stop!" I cried hoarsely. "I will not go. That bit of paper; I understand it all, Hélène. You drew the longer strip—you should be the one to live—and you tore it; you made me think—— You shall not give your life for me! If you knew——"

Her grey eyes met mine with a proud pathetic steadfastness, her pale face lit up. "Not for you, Lucie. For Eugène. You must live, because he loves you."

I would have told her all then, I swear it, all! My hopes, my jealousy, my cruel words, the undelivered message, the intercepted letters—all! But there came a loud crash, a thunder of feet — Margaret flung herself upon me, and forced me back, Hélène touched the spring, and drew the panel to with swift, firm, unfaltering hand, and I knew no more.

When I came to myself again, Margaret had dragged me beyond hearing of what happened in Madame's boudoir. It was too late then for repentance. All was over.

But, weeks afterwards I learnt how Hélène faced that hellish mob, and heard, too, how she died. And I had called her cold and shallow—said she could not love.

That was more than two years ago.

The memory of what has passed since then seems dim and blurred. We escaped, though it seemed well nigh impossible; we followed St. Christophe to Paris—to find him gone to La Vendée, whither we finally made our way. Our life was one of constant perils, of desperate schemes—they are ended now. Margaret died a month ago. I follow her to-day.

And Eugène de St. Christophe? I think when at last we met, Hélène was avenged. For,—how the tale reached him I cannot tell, but he knew what had happened—he knew! And when he saw me — will even death blot out the memory of his scorn, his utter loathing? I think not.

Little Marie stirs in her sleep; does she hear as I do, a voice, low and clear, singing, singing:—

Il y a longtemps que je t'aime,
Jamais je ne t'oublierai,
Jamais—Jamais—je ne t'oublierai—

It seems a long time since that summer evening when Hélène sang those words—a long time since we two stood together in Madame's boudoir, and I heard her say, "You have won," and answered, "Yes." Does she know now, I wonder, what I won that night? A few months more of life—yes. And also—shame, bitter remorse, and Eugène's hatred!

Yet—ah, Eugène! Hélène, whom you love, gave her life for you! But I, whom you despise—have I not given my soul?

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Photo by C. Arthur Pearson Ltd.

A SWEET LITTLE JAP.

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Instantaneous War Pictures

By Frank Foulsham.

Photographs by C. Arthur Pearson Ltd.

OF all the places in the world, the Music Hall, one would imagine, affords the least attractive field for the genuine artist. What with the glare and glitter, the noisy and not over-refined audience, those supposed delicate sensibilities of the artistic nature might well be thought to rise in indignant revolt. The artist has, moreover, to adopt a peculiar style; to work at a breathless pace; and not merely to draw well and accurately, but make everyone of his drawings startling, and give to each and all the touch of sensationalism, without which no work, however good, has any hope of "catching on" at the Music Halls. Could surroundings, could work more uncongenial be imagined?

Is it not strange then, that so prominent an artist as Mr. Rossi Ashton should have succeeded in making quite a Music Hall reputation? When, moreover, a short while since, I interviewed him, through the kindness of Mr. Dundas Slater, at the Alhambra as he waited for his turn to come on, his tone was anything rather than that of the artist forced against his will and inclination to amuse Music Hall audiences. He seemed, on the contrary, quite enthusiastic concerning his work and occupation, and informed me, among other interesting facts, that sketching on the stage was not only the hardest labour of his hard and laborious career, but that one might say without exaggeration, that the work and experience of a lifetime went to produce each one of those drawings which he executes before the footlights at the rate of sixty seconds a-piece. Now, a little reflection will make it clear to everybody that Mr. Ashton was not overstating his case, and also how extraordinarily difficult is the work, he seems to polish it off with the utmost ease. Just examine the accompanying reproduction of one of his celebrated cartoons—that which depicts a Highlander bayonetting a Boer. In sixty seconds, position, expression, proportion (which is really wonderfully accurate) must be thought out. The least little slip would spoil the whole picture; a line too much, a line too little, would render the performance a ridiculous failure. What ready determination then, what *sangfroid*, what absolute self-confidence, and finally, what consummate skill an artist must possess to have the courage to venture on a performance so hazardous and difficult!

But now a word as to Mr. Rossi Ashton's life. Many years ago he started his artistic career in *The Graphic* office, and has been working for newspapers ever since, having held contracts for no less than forty journals in different parts of the world. In 1877, he went to the Cape with correspondent's letters from *The Illustrated London News*. Shortly afterwards

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A portrait of Buller half finished. Mr. Ashton starts on his picture directly the orchestra commences playing. Keeping perfect time with the music in the movements of his arm, he completes the whole cartoon in less than sixty seconds.

he joined the Cape police, and became a fighting man, participating in the last Kaffir war, and, strangely enough, under General, then Colonel, Buller. After years of South Africa, he turned his attention to other British Colonies, lived a few years in Australia, from whence he corresponded with various English journals, and finally, about six years ago, returned to his native land, where he is at the present time engaged on no less than four newspapers, on two books, on as many Music Halls as you have fingers on your hands, and in private entertaining.

Mr. Ashton, when I saw him last, gave me a very interesting account of his fighting days in South Africa, and I think a short recapitulation of his experiences ought to prove of especial interest at the present moment. It was in 1879, during the outbreak of the Kaffir War, when Kreli and Sandilli were in rebellion, that Mr. Ashton became attached to the frontier police, having previously gone through the whole routine of barrack life. He determined to act as War Correspondent as well as warrior, imagining that the two occupations, so far from clashing, went very well together. "News," said Mr. Rossi, "had come that as many men as possible were to be sent to the front, news that was hardly reassuring, since at a recent encounter at the very place whither we were bound a band of police had been annihilated and their bodies horribly mutilated. The start for the front was an experience I shall never forget. Most of the men were too young and inexperienced

A portrait of General Buller complete.

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for the work before them, a fault which the authorities are continually making. At the very commencement there was a most extraordinary struggle merely to "climb the beesties," as the Dutch say. A few of the men were old hands at the job—they managed well enough; but for a new man to mount a new horse with a new saddle, harness, and saddle-bags, full of everything else more or less new, was a very different matter. The inexpert efforts of these freshmen were more than African horse-flesh-and-blood could stand, and an extraordinary *melée* was the result. It was a sight for the gods to watch the beasts go off like Chinese crackers in a mad endeavour to kick the clouds out of the sky. At every convulsion some strap or other gave way, until the whole ground became strewn with portable household gods, and the language was something terrible. We had to leave two or three of the men behind when, at last, we made a start.

"My first shot I shall never forget. The order to cease fire had gone, just as I was levelling my rifle at a group of Kaffirs, who were straining every nerve to get over some immense boulders, back to their Kraal, about a mile away. Dropping on one knee,

This portrait of Lord Roberts is a great favourite at present.

his picture of Kruger is a favourite for derision.

I moved the sight of my bran new Snider to eight hundred yards, pressed the trigger, and down went as fine a Kaffir as ever breathed. After the poor wretch had fallen I felt as silly as a girl, and scarcely knew whether I was proud or miserable.

"On the following day, however, the Kaffirs had their revenge. Our column was on the move again, and it was not long before we saw our scouts on the left front dismount and commence firing. In columns of two and two we went up the hill at a smart gallop, and suddenly found that we had charged right into a body of some 800 natives. The order to extend was given too late, for the Kaffirs were already on us, their freshly-oiled skins shining in the sun. Some of our men in front, having lost their heads, dismounted, and we soon saw them running back towards us, leading their horses, and closely followed by bands of the enemy.

"I saw one go over like a ninepin, and three others close at his heels were in eminent danger. One of these particularly rivetted my attention; I knew the man well, and hated the idea of seeing him stabbed before my very eyes, so I flung my reins over my left arm, and started off to the rescue. But

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the end approached, only too soon. His assailants gathered round him, stabbing at him from all directions, and his efforts to ward off their blows with his carbine were futile. Our sergeant and Major M—— came to my assistance and his, but all three of us had as much as we could do to defend our own skins. I never saw a worse shot than the Major, he plugged about at hazard, and it is a wonder that he did not shoot one of us. But what a sight it was! Poor Geesey, the man we had originally attempted to save, had fallen, and the horse bearing the Major was prancing about his body, with two natives persistently manœuvring at the Major's back and perpetually stabbing at him. At last, one of these managed to get a fair thrust, and pierced the Major through his bridle arm. It was just then that rescue came, and we managed to draw off the poorer by three men. I may add, that the Major received the Victoria Cross for endeavouring to save the life of Private Geesey, whilst I, who helped him—well, didn't."

One of Mr. Ashton's most popular war pictures. He is giving a few finishing touches to the Boer.

"One for Majuba" is always completed amid howls of enthusiasm.

The accompanying reproductions of Mr. Rossi Ashton's instantaneous war pictures are very good specimens of his art. I have already spoken about the cartoon representing a combat between a Highlander and a Boer. For vigour and action it would be hard to beat. But I think his portraits of Lord Roberts and Sir Redvers Buller are really more wonderful than anything Mr. Ashton has done, especially that of Lord Roberts. The artist has managed to catch the grand old warrior's exact expression; observe, moreover, how detailed the portrait is, and all finished in less than sixty seconds!

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A PROPOSAL BY PROXY.

By H. B. VOGEL.

Illustrated by A. Wallis Mills.

It was when I was about fourteen that misfortune after misfortune suddenly befell our family and overwhelmed it.

Father had inherited a fine business and had always been a rich man. We had a lovely house and carriages and horses, and there was nothing in the world within reason that I wanted and did not get. You see I was an only child, and the wonder is I was not utterly spoiled; perhaps I was.

Then suddenly everything fell to pieces. Father had taken a gentleman into partnership, and he proved to be a bad man of business and a bad man in every way. He speculated and lost his own money, and then robbed the firm, until one day father came home and told mother as gently as he could that he was ruined.

Somehow for days father had looked worried and we feared trouble. But we never guessed how bad it would be. It killed father; and his death killed my mother, and so I was left quite poor and with but one single relation in the whole world.

Auntie Emma was father's sister. She was much, much younger than he was. She came to me when mother died, and after the funeral she took me away to live with her.

Her money had been in the business and was nearly all lost. She had, however, just a little invested outside, and she was able to take a small cottage in a little village called Amhurst, with a nice garden and a big field, where we started a dairy and poultry farm.

Auntie Emma was the dearest sweetest aunt a girl ever had. She was pretty, too; far more beautiful than she would admit. Perhaps it was because of me that she always tried to make herself out much more ancient than she was. After all she was only thirteen years older than I, so that when I came of age she was just thirty-four. But you would have taken her for fifty-four by her manner. She was so quiet, so gentle, so very wise and thoughtful for others. Everybody in the village seemed to come to Auntie when they were in trouble.

She had brown hair which she tried to keep quite flat and prim. Yet it would straggle out so that, when the sun caught it, thousands of little ends and unruly hairs gleamed like threads of gold. She had lovely, dark blue eyes, and a mouth that—oh, even I, a girl, loved kissing that mouth.

She was just like an old maid in her ways, or pretended to be, so that I never thought of Auntie as anything else but an old maid. She tried, you see, to think it herself, and taught me to think it. The greatest object of her life was to provide for me and make me happy. I was not half appreciative enough. Perhaps that was impossible seeing that she loved me so.

One thing troubled her, and that was that I had no prospect of getting married. Auntie was not a bit of a matchmaker, but she said often and often that she wanted to see me happily wedded in case she died.

"But you won't die, Auntie. You're not to think of such a thing, you're not to talk of such a thing."

"I'm growing old, Katie. Oh, I am, dear;

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and there's no one here I should like to see fall in love with you."

"And if there were he'd fall in love with you, Auntie. You're much wiser, and better, and prettier than I am."

She looked quite scared when I said this.

"With me! Oh, Katie, you mustn't say such things. Men don't fall in love with an old maid when there's a sweet young girl like you at hand."

It was quite true about our knowing no one. In a way we knew everyone in the village. That was because Auntie was always going about amongst the cottages. I often used to tease her because of the eggs which ought according to business to have gone to London, but which went in her big basket for old Peter, or kind old Mrs. McTosh, or the little girl over by the bridge who was dying of consumption.

But we had no social friends. I do not think we were stuck-up or proud, but you see we had been used to knowing such nice people that we could not take an interest in the village shop people; and the big people around took no interest in us. I knew the Squire's wife and daughters by sight, and the Langdons, and the Martyns, and the Fletchers. But they never knew me when by chance they rode over on their bicycles or drove over. Mrs. Blassant, the vicar's wife, was too friendly with the grand folks to have much time to do more than give Auntie or me a sort of nod when she saw us—which was not always.

The biggest landowner in the district—the whole village belonged to him—was Lord Selwern. He had a lovely house about six miles off, and hundreds and hundreds of acres of land.

He was the lord of the manor and a tremendous swell. He hardly ever came near the Hall. He had other places in different parts of England which he preferred. Besides, he lived a great deal abroad. Of course I had heard of him, though I had never seen him. I only knew that he was no longer young, and was still unmarried. That was why, whenever he did come to the Hall, all the big houses round filled, and there were dances and dinners that Lord Selwern was expected to attend.

Down Clayfield Hill I actually coasted, but I guessed no one would be likely to see me.

I owned a bicycle, or rather Auntie and I owned it between us. It took us a long time to save up for it. We put by so much each week and at last had collected sufficient. Then we started to save up for a second one.

At the very outset I tried to learn all about our machine. I made the man in the shop show me how to take off the tyres, and how to mend them, and I made him tell me the meaning of every bolt and nut until what with his telling and my practice, I became quite an expert. It was necessary to learn this because we could not afford to be always paying to have little things done to the machine which I could easily do myself. Yet it was all through my having had these lessons that the greatest event of our lives came to happen.

It was in the summer towards the end of June. It was a most exquisite morning. I was out for a ride on the bicycle. The roads were just lovely, for during the night there had been a shower. Down Clayfield Hill I actually coasted, but I guessed no one

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would be likely to see me. It was a narrow escape, however, for someone very nearly did.

I had reached the bottom, and had commenced pedalling again when on rounding the bend, I saw a man standing by the side of the road with his bicycle leaning against a milestone (it was four miles to Salford and five to Amhurst).

As I came closer I could see that he was a tall man, with a big moustache that looked a little grey, whilst his face was brown and tanned. He was wearing a brown knicker-bocker suit with a Norfolk jacket. I went really quite slowly because he was clearly a stranger and a gentleman, and besides, I had to peep at him in bits so that he could not perceive that I was looking at him. I could quite well see, however, that the front tyre had punctured and that he had, moreover, no idea of how to mend it.

Then I did a thing I don't think I should have done unless I had seen that the moustache was quite grey and that the stranger was obviously a gentleman. I pulled up just as I passed him and I spoke to him. He did seem so helpless.

"Can I help you?" I asked.

There was a quick look of surprise on his face, which his good manners at once hid, and he drew himself up. He looked so tall and big that the idea of a girl making such an offer seemed to me for the moment so ridiculous and so forward that I grew crimson. I could feel myself blushing. Then, at almost the same moment, came the thought that he was a gentleman, and that I was quite right to offer because he could not do the mend and I could. At the same moment, too (you see it all took place in a few seconds, whilst I was asking my question and he was looking at me and getting ready to reply), a look of amusement came into his eyes, and under the great moustache I saw the glimmer of a smile. Then he spoke, and his voice was so deep and gruff that I almost started.

"Help me, eh? Well, now, 'pon my word, it's—it's ridiculous my thinking of troubling you; but this infer——I—er——this front tyre has collapsed and I—er—I—er——well, really, you know, I can't think of troubling a lady."

"Oh, it won't take five minutes. It's only a thorn I expect."

"Ah—er—yes, possibly. But—I—er—I don't understand the—er—art of mending the wretched thing. I'll learn this afternoon; 'pon my word, I'll make my man explain it this afternoon."

"Meanwhile shall I——?"

"No—no. But—er—I'm helpless. I—er—suppose you tell me what must be done, and I—er—I will carry out the instructions. That's to say, if you can spare the time."

"Oh, yes, I'm quite sure, and it won't take five minutes."

"Well—er—what must I do by way of a start."

"Turn the machine upside down."

"Ah—er—certainly," he said, and he gripped the machine. I could see he was going to make a mess of it, but I said nothing. I knew it was going to be fussy, and—well, I was enjoying the superior knowledge I had over this fine gentlemen. I thought his manner of talking was affected, and I wanted him to come down off his high horse.

He did make a mess of turning his bicycle over. The front wheel swerved and the handle-bar hit him on the head. Then the hind wheel grazed the milestone, and the crank spun round and hit him on the shin. He was all dusty and hot in a moment. And suddenly the bicycle flopped down, luckily on to the soft grass of the ditch.

At last, however, he had it resting on the saddle and the handle-bar.

"Now unscrew the valve — see just there."

This he did, and then I tried to tell him how to take off the tyre. It was a wired-on one, and he pinched his fingers, and nearly bent the rim before he would admit himself beaten or let me try. At last he consented.

It was a nasty tyre, but I got it off, and then we set to work to find the puncture.

"Blow it up," I said, or, rather, I commanded, for, by now, I had taken entire charge. "Screw up the valve. That's it."

"Er—how does this wretched affair come to pieces?" he asked, tugging at the pump.

I told him. It was obvious he knew nothing but how to ride. It was a lovely machine, too; I had never seen so fine a one. It was kept well—nearly as well as Auntie's and my machine.

At last we found the hole, and I got my mending outfit, and put on a patch. He would help.

"I'll do the sticky part. 'Pon my word, it's too good of you—the trouble you have taken. I'm not going to let you mess yourself."

I could have stuck it much better and quicker myself, and he wasted a dreadful lot of my tube. But I had to give in. Considering that he was a great big man, and I

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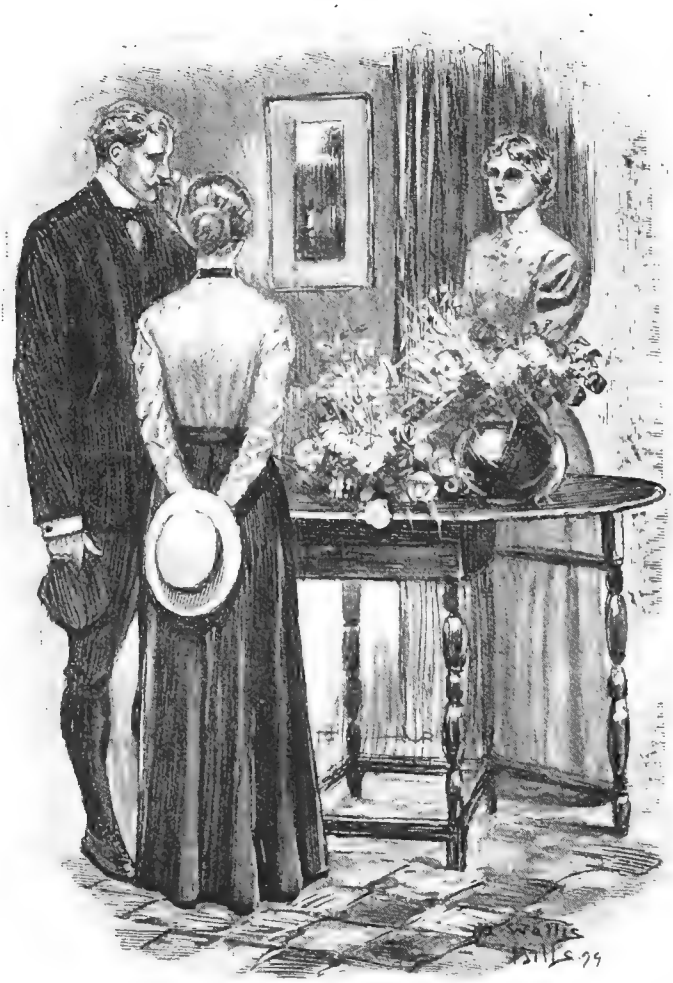
a bit of a girl, I thought he had been very obedient.

It was a proud moment when I had got the inner tube back, and the tyre once more in place and blown up. It held without a sign of leakage.

"'Pon my word, marvellous! I—er—I can never thank you enough. Now I must set the affair on its legs, so to speak."

He was frightened of the machine, like a boy of a kicking horse. I could not help laughing as he struggled with it. It was rude and I apologised, but he laughed himself.



"I—er—fancy I shall turn over a new leaf," he said, glancing down.

I picked up my machine whilst he was trying to dust himself (he ran to assist me) and I turned to go.

"I—er——" he commenced, and I realised that the affectation was just as much a sort of nervousness as anything else, "I—er—are you, er—going—er—?"

"I'm going to Amhurst," I said.

"I—er—may I—er, accompany you? I—er, was just taking a spin more or less—er—in that direction."

Of course I had to say yes, and presently as we rode along—it seemed too hot now to go fast—we began chatting as if we had known each other for ever so long, instead of still being ignorant of each other's names. He knew my name, however, and all about me and Auntie before we reached Amhurst, and somehow without telling me a bit about himself.

As we reached the cottage I wondered if I ought to ask him in. Of course, if he had helped me out of an awkward predicament I might have had reason; but his case was exactly the opposite. However, he never gave me much chance of deciding for myself. He seemed quite at ease, and years and years older than me, and he quite took charge.

"I—er. I'm coming in if—er—you will permit. I—er—a glass of milk. Would you mind?"

So he came in; and in the passage we met Auntie. I suppose she ought to have had an apron on, and a sun-bonnet, and all that sort of thing, but she had not. She had been in the garden, and held a few flowers in her hand. She blushed as she saw my companion. Tall gentlemen were unusual visitors. She did not know it, either, but she just looked sweet.

"I—er—owe your niece a debt of gratitude for—er—mending my bicycle for me; and I—er—have called to beg a glass of milk."

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"Won't you come into the drawing-room ——" Auntie paused suddenly for she was ignorant of my friend's name.

"I'm—I'm Lord Selwern," he said. "I—er—I'm a great culprit, being so seldom in these parts. I—er—fancy I shall turn over a new leaf," he said glancing at me, and tugging at his moustache.

I was red, oh, I know I was, not merely because he glanced at me as though I was the reason of his new determination, but for sheer astonishment at his identity. It was Lord Selwern whom I had been ordering about! And here he was going to drink milk in our cottage which was much too humble a spot for his snobby neighbours to visit!

I ran and fetched the milk, and when I came in Auntie and he were laughing and talking together, and he was telling her all about the tyre.

When he went he was very nice in all he said, though we never expected to see him again. But we did. He came often and made Auntie and me play on our guitars and sing. We could not afford a piano but we had rescued the dear old guitars, and often we had spent the evening singing to them.

I liked him very much, but gradually I began to grow frightened. Something Auntie said made me realise that perhaps I was the reason of his coming. It frightened me because I knew I could never love him, and because I believed, though I did not dare even to hint at it, that Auntie Emma had grown to care for our tall handsome visitor. It seemed to me that she was fighting with herself as though she had made up her mind that he cared for me, and because she held my happiness far and away before hers.

It made me hate myself and it almost made me hate him. Why should he care for me when Auntie Emma loved him? She was a million times sweeter and better than I, and she would make him much, much more happy than ever I would.

Yet what could I do? He kept coming; and was so kind and nice to us both; and the thought of my good fortune made Auntie so happy. Yet all the time it was not my good fortune, for it made me miserable; and deep in her heart, though she was too good and unselfish to show it, it made her miserable.

Then late one afternoon the whole truth was revealed to me. It was like a great cloud passing away from the sun. Everything became clear and bright and beautiful to behold.

We were having some tea and suddenly a silence had come upon us. I was feeling dreadfully miserable for the Earl had been hinting that he was perhaps going away, but that his departure depended on someone else. I dreaded what that meant. It was a fear of his telling it to me that had kept me, when he visited us, close at Auntie's side.

Suddenly I looked up. Auntie was staring down into the empty fire-place dreaming. He was gazing at her. I understood the truth then. I saw it in his look. There was such a gentleness in it, such a yearning. He loved her! Oh, it was plain to me, quite plain.

Something must have startled him. Perhaps it was the joyous thump, thump, of my heart. He suddenly glanced at me, and met my look; and he saw that I had seen his, and that I knew. Our eyes met,

Lord Selwern tugged at his moustache.

Google

and he flushed such a dark-tanned flush, and I sort of blurted out in a whisper:

"I understand. Oh, I'm so glad."

He gave a smile—I almost loved him for that smile—just as Auntie looked up. She had caught my whisper, though it was only a breath.

"Glad, Katie! Why, darling, what——?" She stopped. I think there must have been a sudden guilty look on our two faces, for she came to a silence, and jumped to a wrong conclusion.

I could not help it. I slipped from my chair and knelt by her and pulled down her face and kissed her; and Lord Selwern stood upon the hearthrug and tugged at his moustache. You see, I knew all the happiness that was coming to her, and she did not.

Then I looked at him.

"I think I'll go and —and see how the milking is going on," I said.

"No, no, no—ah —er——" he said rapidly, and his "er's" and "ah's" came quickly. "I—er — ah — it's — it's another tyre wants mending. 'Pon my word."

"What does he mean?" asked Auntie, softly. "Oh, I think I can guess," she went on. "But I'm in the way," she added, kissing me.

He had his arms round her.

"No, no, you are not; and—you don't understand, Auntie. I —oh, I must go." I was just trying to rise, when he laid his hand on my shoulder.

"Ah—er—tell her. I—er—I—ah, it's a bad break."

"He means, Auntie," I said gently, "that he hasn't come here just to drink milk and eat strawberries and cream because he likes them, but because he—he likes someone."

"Yes, yes, my darling," whispered Auntie Emma, and I could see she still was making the big mistake she had been making all the time.

"He thinks her the nicest——" I glanced up at him and he nodded (very violently for him) and said, "Yes, yes," quickly. "And the best——" he said, "Yes, yes," and nodded after each word—"And the sweetest, and the dearest person in the world."

"My pet! I'm so glad, Katie," whispered Auntie, though I saw tears in her eyes.

"And," I went on, looking up at him at almost each word, whilst he went nod, nod, nod, like the old cracked mandarin on the mantelpiece when we tapped it, "and he wants her to—to ——. What does he want?" I asked suddenly.

The nodding stopped and he grew dreadfully red, and tugged and tugged at his moustache. It was cruel of me, but —well, I thought he might tell Auntie the rest himself. I thought he might take her in his arms, and let me rush away and kiss old Hannah in the kitchen, or pull Tatters' tail, or do something. But he didn't.

"What does he want?" I repeated.

"Ah—er—he wants—ah—her—to—to do him the honour to—er—marry him."

"Katie, Katie!" whispered Auntie, and she kissed me before I could stop her.

"She hasn't answered him yet," I said slowly.

Auntie looked at me.

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"Not answered him! But you——"

"It—it—doesn't depend on me. There's only one sweetest, and dearest, and best person on earth and——and that's—that's not me."

"Not you, Katie? I—I don't understand."

"It's—it's you, Auntie Emma. It's what I think; and—and it's what he thinks."

"Katie—" whispered Auntie. There was a strange hush in her voice.

"It's what he thinks and it's what he wanted to tell you all along" (more and most emphatic nodding) "and—and what—" I said scrambling to my feet, "he ought to tell you himself." Tell her yourself," I said to him. I was getting angry then at his doing nothing.

Auntie had risen. She made a movement. I think—I know now as a matter of fact—she wanted to escape because it was all so sudden and unexpected. But she hadn't a chance. He stepped forward and I ran to the door. There was a mirror on the wall, and in it I just caught a glimpse of them both. He had his arms round her and was kissing her.

* * * * *

It seems so strange now to look back upon it all. For I, too, am a Countess. It was not long after Auntie Emma gave me my first little cousin that Carfield married me. He had always been Selwern's great friend though much younger.

Only hubby and Auntie and Selwern know about my acting proxy for Selwern when he proposed. Auntie always says I did it splendidly, but—I can sympathise with men who say it is very nervous work proposing to a girl. And yet—oh, well, all's turned out very happily, but I wouldn't be a man for worlds.

CAMP AND CRUISER.

PRESIDENT McKINLEY'S VISIT TO HIS ARMY AND NAVY.

Sovereigns, and more especially Continental sovereigns, are associated far more intimately with their armies and navies than the heads of Republican States such as France and America. The German Emperor, the Czar, and the Emperor of Austria are, indeed, seldom to be seen, either in life or the windows of photographers' shops, dressed in civil costume, and pictures and photographs of them in gorgeous uniforms reviewing troops and in discussion with generals and admirals are to be met with at every time and place. It is just *vice versâ* with the Presidents, and that gives a peculiar interest to the accompanying snapshots, the one shewing President McKinley on a visit to his troops, the other to his navy. It is an entire mistake to suppose that because the President never wears a uniform, and is scarcely ever photographed at the head of troops, that he is indifferent to the men who won such glory for America in Cuba and in Manila Bay. Of course, the President is, above all things, the civic head of the United States; but it is a well-known fact, and one which has made him, perhaps, the most popular president since Garfield, that Mr. McKinley's interest in military and naval affairs, and especially naval, is only equalled by his detailed and profound knowledge concerning them.

President McKinley visiting the Army.

The President on board a Cruiser.

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Count Lingui Primoli.

AN IDYLL OF THE SUNNY SOUTH.

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By Reginald Maingay.

Illustrated with Photographs, Drawings, and Maps.

Not the first, but certainly the first famous royalty who went out in person at the head of her troops to fight England's battles, is Queen Boadicea. Hence her place of honour at the head of this article.

To-day kings and queens have practically ceased from leading their armies into the fray, the last of the fighting sovereigns being the great Napoleon. Of course, the Emperor William I. of Germany, and Napoleon III. accompanied their respective armies in the Franco-Prussian war, but less as commanders than mere spectators; and equally, of course, the present Emperor William may do the same thing, should Germany go to war again, though I very much doubt whether he would be content to remain a mere spectator—a role that scarcely seems to fit his character.

But if the supreme head of the state is no longer a fighting man, the royal families of Europe, and especially the royal family of England, have all through the present century given their countries brave and capable warriors.

It was in the wars directly following on the French Revolution, and before the rise of Buonaparte, that the Duke of York, the Queen's uncle, especially distinguished himself. The Republican armies were already superbly successful in all parts of Europe. But at the Troisville Redoubts, near Cambray, on the Belgian frontier, they met one of their severest repulses, the opposing hosts being commanded by the Duke of York, who, during the engagement, showed remarkable personal bravery.

The Duke of Kent, the Queen's father, and brother to the Duke of York, was a famous warrior in his day, courageous to a degree, and noted for the severity with which he maintained military discipline. He saw active service on more than one occasion, but especially distinguished himself in the expedition, under Sir Charles Grey, against the French in the West India Islands. The impetuous bravery with which he led the flank division against certain important posts, in Martinique, became a by-word in the army.

The Crimean war saw no less than three members of royal houses at the front—the Duke of Cambridge, the Duke of Saxe-Weimar, and Prince Napoleon Buonaparte. The first success of that terrible and misguided war—the Battle of Alma—saw all three actively engaged. The Duke of Cambridge did splendid work in the famous storming of the great redoubt. At a critical stage of the battle he and Sir Colin Campbell received orders to take this difficult position. Success meant victory; failure spelt defeat. The Guards and Highlanders advanced in splendid order, and, cheered by their commanders, dashed up the slopes reckless of shot and shell. They encountered the Russians, muzzle to muzzle; scaled the redoubt; and, driving all before them, won for England one of the most splendid of her victories. Prince Napoleon

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also carried out an important and perilous movement of the battle; that of obtaining possession of the heights between the enemy and the sea.

At Inkermann all three princes were again in the thick of the fight. The Duke of Cambridge and his redoubtable Guards were ever in the hottest part of the battle, and it was

The Duke of Kent gallantly leading the troops at Martinique.

H.R.H. the Duke of Kent, Father of Queen Victoria.

largely due to them that the small English force was not completely annihilated by the overwhelming Russian columns, before the French succeeded in coming to the rescue. The casualties were appalling, and the Duke himself was severely wounded, and had his horse shot under him.

H.R.H. the Duke of York, Uncle of the Queen.

The Duke of Connaught is another English prince of the present century who has gone out with his countrymen against the foe. It was rather at variance with the wishes of his family that he determined to accompany Sir Garnet, now Lord, Wolseley on the expedition which came to so triumphant a close at Tel-el-Kebir. Though present at that brilliant engagement, the Duke was offered no chance of peculiarly distinguishing himself. Stationed with the rear-guard, he was forced to watch the battle from afar. At the commencement

The Duke of York at the Troisville redoubts.

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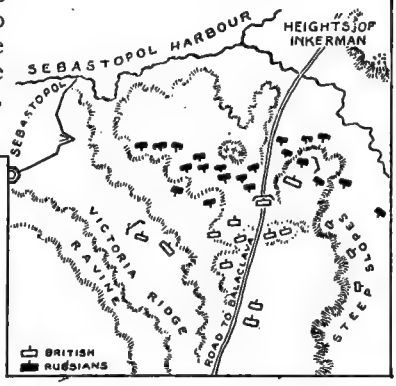
of the present war it was widely believed that an important command in South Africa would be given to the Duke. It was not to be; but when Lord Roberts was ordered to the seat of war, the commandership of the forces in Ireland was offered, and accepted by the Duke.

The story of Prince Louis Napoleon is too well-known to need a detailed recapitulation here. When the Franco-Prussian war broke out he accompanied his father to the frontier, and, at the first engagement, the skirmish at Saarbrück,



Prince Edward of Saxe-Weimer.

H.R.H. the Duke of Cambridge (at the time of the Crimean War).

The Duke of Cambridge wounded at Inkermann.

Prince Napoleon Buonaparte.

received his famous baptism of fire. "Lulu," as the impertinent Parisians styled their heir-apparent, watched the conflict from the heights over-looking the battle-field, and when the Prussians, after a sharp resistance, retired, he passed in solemn procession, together with his father—that adept in theatrical *coups*—and the imperial *cortège*, before the French troops. Shortly afterwards arrived in Paris Napoleon's celebrated dispatch, which set all Europe laughing: "Louis has undergone his baptism of fire," or words to that effect.

In 1879, when the Empire had fallen to pieces, and the Emperor and Empress taken up their abode in England,

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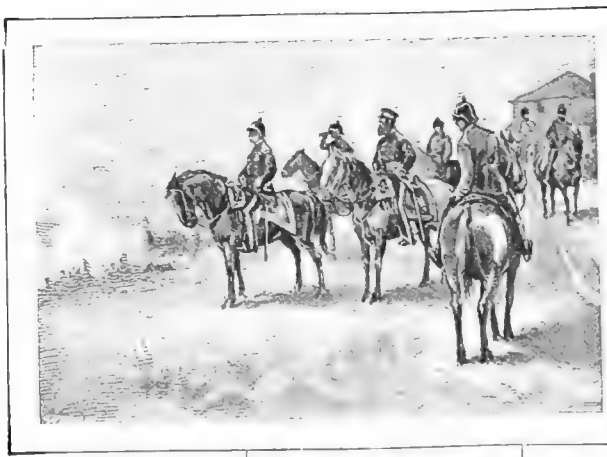


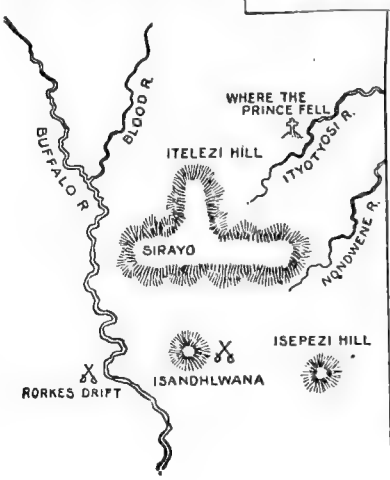
The Emperor William and the Crown Prince of Prussia watching the battle of Sedan.

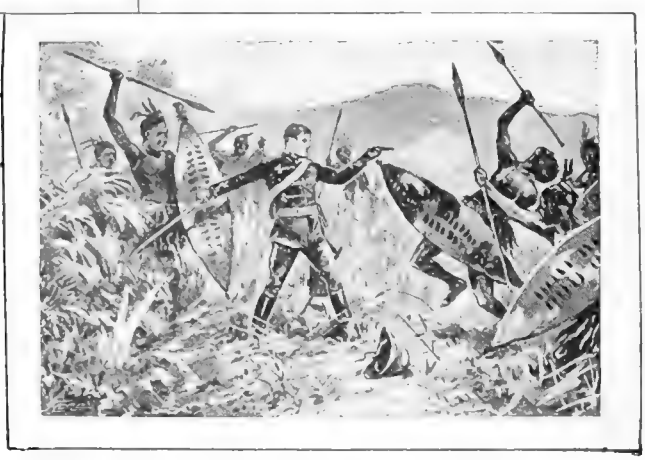
The Crown Prince of Prussia (afterwards the Emperor Frederick of Germany).

The Prince Imperial.

(Photo by London Stereoscopic Co.)

the Prince Imperial, as his adherents called him, asked leave to serve with the British Army in Zululand. It was an awkward request to accede to, and yet, considering the friendly relations between the English Court and the exiled Buonapartes, impossible to refuse. The Prince proved a great burden to Lord Chelmsford and his officers, who had stringent injunctions to restrict his movements as much as possible, and never to allow him out of camp, except under a strong escort. Then came the catastrophe. The Prince somehow got permission to make a reconnaissance unaccompanied by any superior officer. He foolishly disobeyed the instructions given him at the outset, and, as a consequence, fell into an ambush of Zulus, and was speared to death before rescue could arrive. The affair caused great consternation in England,





The Death of the Prince Imperial in Zululand.

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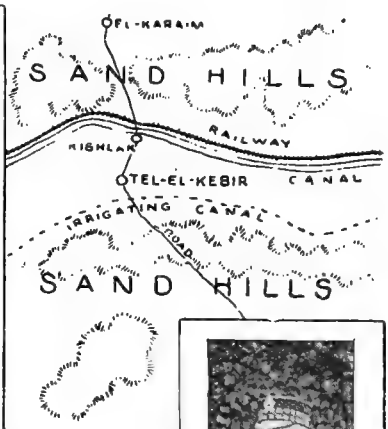


The Duke of Connaught at the battle of Tel-el-Kebir.

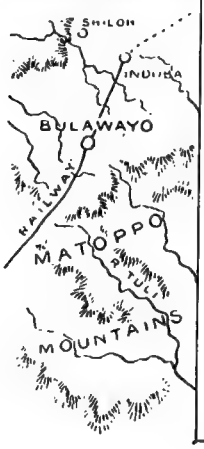
The Duke of Connaught at the time of the Egyptian Campaign.

(Photo by R. Milne.)

and the British officer in command of the detachment was court-martialled—a mere matter of form, as everyone knew that the responsibility for his own death lay with the victim.

The melancholy death of Prince Henry of Battenburg is still fresh in the minds of most people in this country. When King Prempeh of Ashanti became refractory, and an expedition was about to be sent out for the purpose of bringing him to order, Prince Henry and Prince Christian Victor volunteered their services, and in due course arrived at Cape Coast Castle. The march into the interior began, and soon the vicious, enervating climate began to tell on the Prince's constitution. The expedition was successful, without the loss of a drop of blood; but Prince Henry's health had been fatally undermined. From Coomassie he was borne slowly back to Cape Coast Castle, and arriving

Prince Alexander of Teck.



Prince Alexander of Teck in the Matabele War.

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Prince Henry of Battenberg being borne to the West African Coast suffering from fever.

there, seemed once again to gather strength. A sudden relapse brought about the end, and, on the 20th of January, the Prince died, the only victim of that little expedition.

In the present war in South Africa no less than five princes are actively engaged; Prince Christian Victor, Princes Adolphus, Alexander, and Francis of Teck, and Count Gleichen. Most of them have already been at the front on more than one occasion. Prince Christian served in Ashanti, the Soudan, and other minor campaigns; Prince Alexander of Teck did good work in Matabeleland, and his brother Prince Francis served as captain in the Egyptian war of 1897-98; while Count Gleichen had been previously engaged in various expeditions in the Soudan. In the Transvaal Prince Christian was appointed to the staff of Captain Percy Scott, at Durban, and has made himself useful by bringing dispatches from the front to Maritzburg and Durban. Count Gleichen, who is, by the way, the

Photo by Hughes & Mullins.

Prince Henry of Battenberg. The last photo taken before his departure for the Ashanti Campaign.

Photo by Dickinson.

Count Gleichen, in kharki

Count Gleichen, the Queen's nephew, shot in the neck at the battle of Modder River.

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Queen's nephew, has had sterner experience. Under Lord Methuen, he was present at the early victories which attended that general's rather too impetuous march to the relief of Kimberley, and at the battle of the Modder River he received a nasty wound on the neck, from which, however, he soon recovered.

The Princes Adolphus, Alexander, and Francis of Teck are all in South Africa, and somewhere or other at the front, but up to the moment of writing nothing of importance concerning their doings has been reported in England. From all we know of the princes, however, we may rest assured that they will do something for the honour of their country.

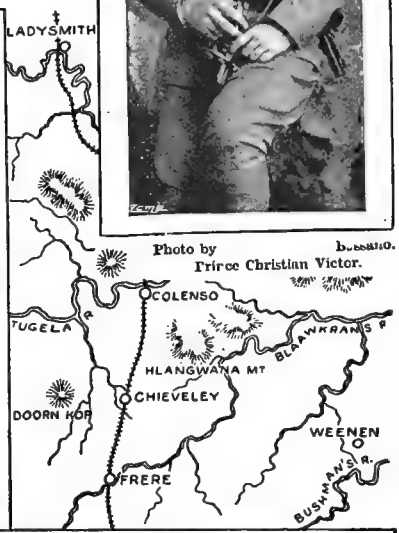

Photo by [illegible] Prince Christian Victor.

Prince Christian Victor arriving at Durban with dispatches from the Mooi River.

These are democratic times, and perhaps it is, on the whole, a matter for congratulation that the supreme heads of the states have ceased to lead their armies into the field as in the good old days. For to-day, a commander who has had the misfortune to lose a battle is almost sure to receive a certain amount of odium from his countrymen, and we fear that were he the sovereign that odium would be trebly intensified. Such is the spirit of the times; and imagine how awkward it would be if public opinion demanded the peremptory recall of its Emperor or King!

But by all means let our princes take their part in England's wars. We may be more or less democratic, but I think very few of us really imagine that this country would be better off were it to emulate the systems of France and America. Our princes are no longer given high positions in the army merely because of their birth; they have to work their way up as much as any commoner, and every gallant deed they may do at the front tends to preserve the loyalty of the country to the reigning house.

Photo by Gunn & Stuart.

Princes Adolphus and Francis of Teck.

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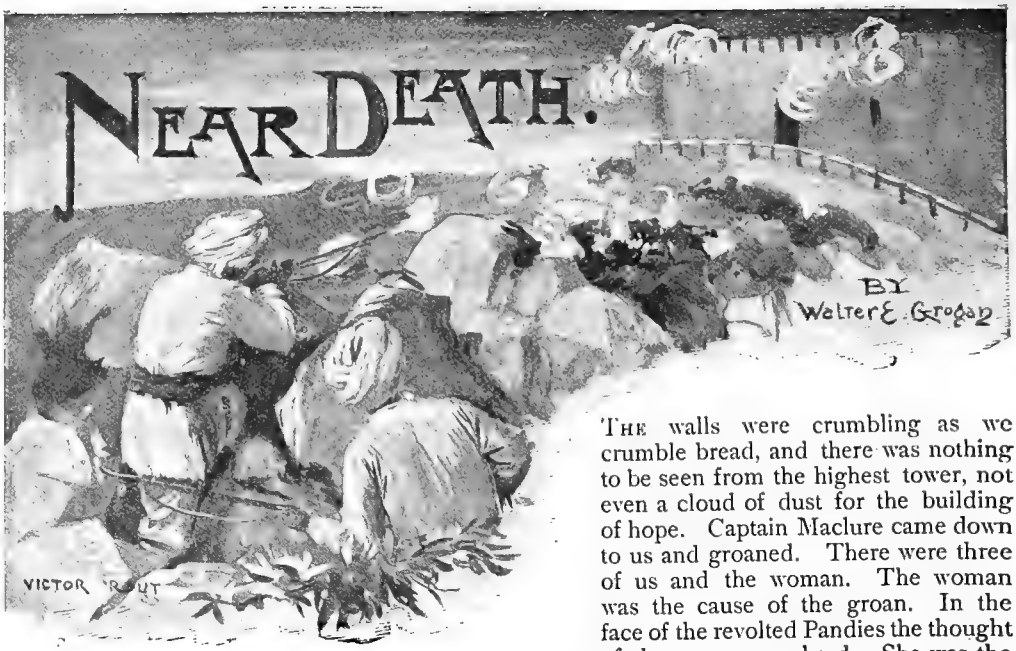
NEAR DEATH.



THE walls were crumbling as we crumble bread, and there was nothing to be seen from the highest tower, not even a cloud of dust for the building of hope. Captain Maclure came down to us and groaned. There were three of us and the woman. The woman was the cause of the groan. In the face of the revolted Pandies the thought of the woman was hard. She was the sister of young Sennington. He was in another room with a sheet over him, death having found him on the walls. We would have buried him, only men can't fight all day and night too, and find time for digging graves.

"The world is empty," Maclure said. "The old fort must be our grave unless—" and his eyes sought Sennington's sister.

"Unless?" she questioned. She was a frail woman, pale, yellow-haired, blue-eyed, pretty to look at, but too slight for strength.

"They have offered us terms," he said moodily. "They don't know that we are three only—and a woman. When our men decamped they went west, and these have come from the east. We have bitten them, and they are afraid."

"What are the terms?"

"They swear that no harm shall come to you."

"And to you?"

"And to us? We shall die if we hold out. The next rush will do it. It's all a dream now to me. Nothing seems real. I load and fire, and am longing to sleep through it all. What does it matter what comes to us?"

"I will not have it so," she said.

Maclure looked at her wearily.

"What does it matter? I'd rather have an end to it. It must come sooner or later. Let it come now if it means safety for you."

"Are those the exact terms?" I asked.

"Two men to go with her," he said shortly.

"We must toss," Bretton said.

"I am in command," Maclure answered. "I shall die. No, boys, don't say anything. I know all you would say, but it is useless. If you get through life will hold things you care for. I messed my life up five years ago. It's best as it is."

The next morning we surrendered. When we walked out the Pandies marvelled. Four days we had kept them out of the Fort. That was no small work for six men—and three of them went under the second day.

Maclure had worked like a nigger through it all. None of us had had much sleep and he least of all. In the cold glare of the early day he reeled and swore.

"They will think it's funk, Barrington," he said to me. "I wish I could have seen death on the prick of a bayonet. It's rough going out like a snuffed candle."

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I was with him when the firing party came. They were spirit-maddened, but his calmness quieted them.

"Five years ago I made a mess of my life with a woman and this is the end," he said. "Barrington, if you get back into the world out there forget me, for God's sake. There are old stories which are best left in the dust. They will be unsavoury if raked up now."

They wanted to bandage his eyes, but he would not have it.

"I have looked down the muzzles of rifles before," he said.

When they were ready he took off his forage cap.

"God save the Queen!" he shouted, and the next moment he was twitching on the ground.

All that day we slept. Not even the peril of our position could keep us awake. In the evening three Sepoys came and kicked us into remembrance, and we were taken before the man in command, an old havildar.

"We have sworn that we will not kill you, nor harm you," he said. "You are infidels, but for the sake of our oaths we will not touch you."

"For us we care not," I answered, "but for the sake of the Mem Sahib we have trusted. Let us go: give us horses so that we can come to our friends."

"You shall be sent to your friends," he replied, and signed to three attendants who came and led us away. Outside in the moonlight they bound us, and carried us to the old Fort. When they first touched me I struck out and knocked one Sepoy down, but they were too many and they bound us.

"God save the Queen!" he shouted, and the next moment he was twitching on the ground.

In the Fort they took us down to the arsenal. It was a stone paved cellar, and in it was a keg of powder with the lid off. Round this they placed three chairs, near it, yet far enough away that a man could not touch it with his stretched hand, bound by the elbows as we were to the chairs. On the powder they put two inches of lighted candle. Around the candle they put a circular piece of glass that we might not blow it out.

"We swore that we would not kill you. We leave you alive. If the candle goes out you will go to your friends, as our chief said." So said the Sepoys, and left us, grinning at our threats and prayers.

The cellar was dark except for the dim light of the candle. All the other kegs of powder had been removed, and the cellar looked bare and strange with the flickering shadows coming and going upon the walls. So still was the air that the flame, at which we gazed steadfastly with hungry, despairing eyes, moved but languidly.

We were each bound to our chairs stoutly, the ropes holding our bodies and legs and our arms by the elbows.

That our hands were free was nothing to us, for as we stretched them out hungrily to the candle they clawed the air some six inches short. We could have undone our bonds only the knots were at our backs.

For some moments we stared at the flame, devouring it with starting eyes, marking the terribly slow process of burning. Our pockets had been emptied, so that we could hope for no knife.

The very fact of our arms being free to the

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elbows was but the refinement of cruelty, giving us a seeming boon with no substance.

The chairs were heavy and high, so that our bound legs did not touch the paved floor of the cellar. Thus we sat, waiting for the flame to reach the powder, and scatter us as sand is scattered before the wind.

"It would have been better to have died as Maclure died," Bretton said.

"He kept a bullet for me," the woman muttered. "I would that he had killed me. This is horrible!"

"Death will be sure, there will be no lingering pain," I said, for it seemed to me that I, as eldest, should meet death with as brave a front as I could. "In a short while there will be the end. We have seen death before, Bretton. It might have come to us at any time during the last week."

"I would to God it had!" he cried. "To die like this—it is terrible! The candle grows shorter. I have not flinched when death came in a form a man might meet, but this is dying like a rat in a hole!"

After that we were silent for a while. The light struck upon the woman's face. It was grey and drawn with fear. Her eyes started in their sockets, and there was a tense look that dragged her mouth awry as she gazed hungrily at the flame growing nearer, and ever nearer. Underneath the light the black grains glistened, and above, through a narrow grating, I could see the stars. Afar came the cry of an animal. Yet we were silent, breathlessly silent.

"I have not tasted much of the joy of life," said the woman. "The cup was at my lips, but now it is to be taken away," and she shuddered quickly as she marked that the candle was less by an eighth of an inch.

The Sepoys left us, grinning at our threats and prayers.

"The explosion will lift the roof," I said musingly. "When they see they will think a stray shot fired the magazine."

"What does it matter what they think? Oh, to sit here and watch, watch, and see death crawling hideously at you! It is maddening!" Bretton groaned, and his mouth dribbled, yet his eyes were fast on the light.

After that we were silent again. I looked at the stars through the square of the stone. One star was making its orbit. I thought when it sank below the edge Time would end for us. On the walls was a slimy exudation. It had troubled us in the old days for the sake of the powder. The flame caught it and played fantastically over its surface. A little higher up I saw Maclure's initials, and remembered the day when he scratched them with

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an old penknife. Poor Maclure! I found myself grieving for him in the intervals of watching the light.

"Can we do nothing?" asked the woman.

"Nothing—what is there to do?" Bretton stared stonily, and his mouth still dribbled. "There is little left now—they might have given us a longer agony. Oh, that some accident would end it!"

I began to calculate the length of time the candle would burn. The calculation had all the fascination of an abstruse problem. It seemed in no way a matter in which I had a personal interest beyond the desire to be exact.

So anxious was I that I unconsciously strained more eagerly towards the keg, and hardly noticed the cutting of my bonds. I strained more and more, and then something happened which stopped my heart for a moment, and then sent it pulsing violently.

I kept my hand over the flame, and the blood dropped steadily on the wick.

The chair moved! I strained again, consciously this time. Again it moved. The heavy chair was short in one leg—was considerably short. In straining I had shifted my weight the merest fraction towards the short leg, and it had tilted a little.

I looked at my companions. They were still staring at the flame which crept downward so imperceptibly and yet so surely. The smell of the damp patch on the wall came to me. The black grains of powder with the yellow, thick light upon them dazzled my eyes. For a moment my senses reeled in the effort to think.

"It will not be long," Bretton said. "There was a summer house beside the stream in my place in Dorset. I should like to have seen it again."

"It is curious," the woman whispered, in a dry, high voice, "that there will be a morning to-morrow. It is very curious."

I raised my right hand to my mouth and tore at the flesh with eager teeth. I was conscious of no feeling of pain then. In the crowd of thoughts pressing upon my brain there was possibly no room for it. The blood ran profusely and dabbled my mouth, and I smiled. They gazed at the light fixedly, and saw nothing. Then I shifted all the weight of my body that the ropes permitted on to that part of the chair over the short leg, straining at the bonds until the muscles and veins stood out on my face. For a moment I feared for the balance wavered and seemed beyond me to upset. Then slowly I fell forward, helpless except in my hands and forearms, against the keg of powder. The light had grown near the grains of powder, and the grease from its guttering had caked them together round its base. In falling I managed to catch the rim of the keg with my left hand, holding myself so from falling altogether.

Then I stretched my bleeding hand out over the glass screen. The flame shot up and licked my hand. Bretton told me afterwards that I screamed and that he thought me mad, but I can myself remember no sound. The blood from my mangled hand dropped on the flame. It spurted and crackled, and it seemed to me hours fighting against the drops. As the flame flickered it seemed almost lapping the powder. The veins in my head grew thick almost to bursting, but I kept my hand over the flame, and the blood dropped steadily on the wick.

At last there was a feeble flicker and then darkness. After that I remember nothing until a regimental surgeon forced a flask between my teeth, and I awoke to stare at a blazing sun and wonder at the scarlet coats grouped around me.

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Photo by Talma.

THE ROSE MAIDEN.

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Photographs specially taken by C. Arthur Pearson Ltd.

We are often told that the present time is beyond all others the Age of Advertising, and, certainly, we have before our eyes many examples of large fortunes which, to our own knowledge, have been acquired chiefly by the help of intelligent and persistent advertising.

Advertisements of one sort or another meet us at every turn, many of them showing no little skill and ingenuity. Here, a well-known picture by a great artist informs us that such and such a soap is unrivalled for the complexion; there, a larger than life-sized figure in a barrister's wig and gown, placed in close proximity to a box of so and so's whisky, smilingly assures us that *this* is the best whisky he has ever tasted.

The bald, old-fashioned statements and announcements of certain Things for Sale have been replaced by posters, gorgeous with all the colours of the rainbow, and by other designs and devices cunningly calculated to charm the money out of our pockets. And just as the painter tricks us and casts a glamour over our eyes, so the cleverness of the coiner of phrases tickles our ears to our undoing. Such a sentence as "You press the button, and we do the rest," is one you cannot forget, and one which has, I fancy, become as immortal as any line that Shakspere ever wrote.

Dressing Hair on a Barber's Block.

What has so far been said rather refers to advertising by great manufacturers and merchants than to that done by the large majority of the people who desire our custom for the commodities they have to offer us, and who make their appeal to our purses by exhibiting the actual articles they wish us to buy. In countries favoured with constant sunshine shop-keepers,

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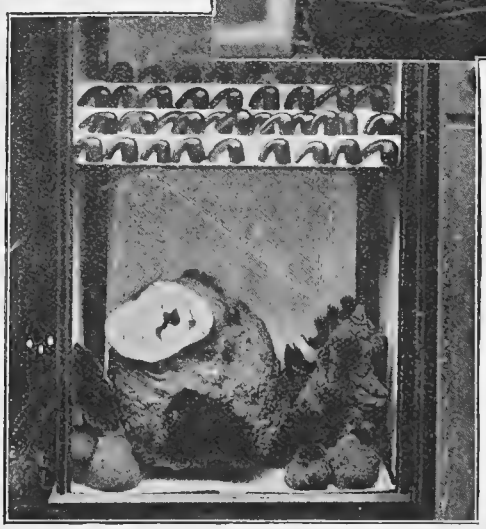
This huge meerschaum pipe-bowl, in the window of a Fleet Street tobacconist, is marvellously carved to represent the battle of Leipsic. Its price is one hundred pounds.

In another shop in Fleet Street may be seen the largest specimens of amber and briar-root ever discovered.



naturally enough, display their goods as much as possible in the open air; in our own more variable climate the shop window is the place selected for making known the nature of the wares which can be purchased within. And success depends in no small degree on the attractiveness—the drawing power — of the shop window.

Some cynic has said that most men spend their lives in getting money in order that women may pass theirs in spending it. The ill-natured epigram has its basis of truth in the fact that women, as a general rule, do the shopping of the world, and it surely is an excellent thing—a wise dispensation of Providence, I can imagine the cynic aforesaid remarking—that they appear to take very kindly to it. At any rate, it is principally for them that shop windows are "dressed" and rendered enticing.

To the mind of a mere male creature like myself the windows which have the greatest fascination for the fair—those of modistes, milliners, mantua-makers, ladies' tailors, linen-drapers, and the like—do not seem usually to exhibit much inventiveness or originality. At Christmas, however, attempts are made to increase their alluringness by the introduction of figures, tableaux, and other advertising devices. One of the best was to be seen in Swan and Edgar's famous shop at the corner of Piccadilly and Regent Street last year. It consisted of a representation of Windsor Castle, the whole being built of *huckaback towels*. It was sold as it stood to go to Germany—which serves to show that it was an effective "ad."

Besides those appealing to women who, though apparently well clothed (again I speak as a mere male), are, perhaps, a little given to asserting that they have "nothing to wear," a large class of shop windows indulge in revelations of the mysteries of the toilet, and this form of advertising has been marked by a good deal of daring. We have now grown familiar with the sight in the windows of certain shops of young women, standing or sitting, down whose backs there pour cataracts of hair, golden or otherwise, to the floor. At first one felt almost as if one

These young ladies with their beautiful tresses of hair, are very familiar sights in Regent Street. They sit in the window of a famous hair-restorer company.

This curiosity was found at the bottom of the sea. It consists of a sponge, healthy and well-formed, growing out of the top and bottom of a broken jug.

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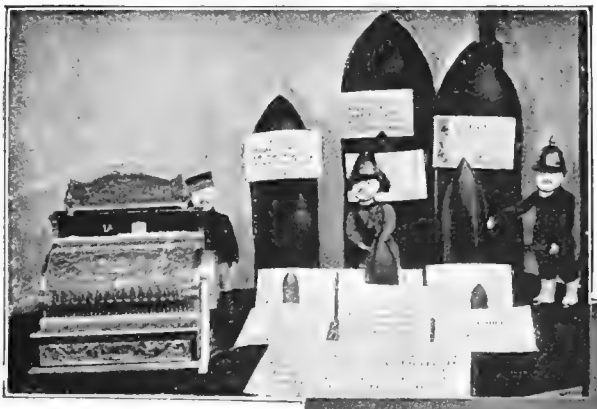
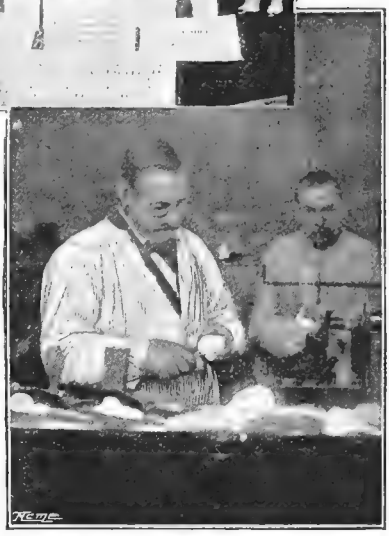


Full-size models of the projectiles fired by the big guns in the war in South Africa.



Making Pipes.

were guilty of an indiscretion in looking at them. Instead of such living pictures as these, a group in wax, actuated by machinery, was shewn by a firm in Holborn, anxious to draw attention to their preparations. In these wax-works, which were as large as life, the scalp of a bald-headed man was gently sponged with the rejuvenating mixture by the ministering hand of a long-haired lady. The use of a special comb for keeping up a woman's hair is in daily illustration on a wax figure in a shop window near St. Paul's.

Perhaps no advertising has been so universal or so striking as of that most necessary of toilet requisites —soap. Messrs. Pears have always some attractive design in their place in New Oxford Street; at the present time they have an excellent clock-work miniature of the Great Wheel at Earl's Court, lighted up each evening by a multitude of the tiniest electric lamps no larger than sixpenny bits. There are very few people who have not seen some presentment of the celebrated piece of statuary called "You Dirty Boy,"—the original of it may be viewed in the window of the parent establishment of Messrs. Pears in Great Russell Street.

You will generally see a crowd before the windows of jewellers' shops looking with longing admiration at their sparkling contents, but it is not often that there is anything very odd or curious to be noticed. I have seen, however, some remarkable jewels in the form of almost microscopic animals, insects and birds, the principal parts being indicated by precious stones of different colours, on exhibition in Piccadilly and elsewhere. Quite recently there was shewn in a shop window in the Strand a flute made of 22-carat gold, of which the value was £120. A perfect model of an ancient galleon, armed with cannon, the whole being of solid silver, adorned a shop window in the vicinity of Albert Gate, but not a few models of a similar description have come under my observation in other localities. I fancy I have seen a miniature vessel in gold somewhere, but I cannot recall in whose window it was.

There is considerable scope for ingenuity in the designing of clocks, and some strange old time-pieces may be found in the windows of dealers in curios. One of the most interesting clocks — of course, it was of modern construction, as is evident from the idea associated with it—was displayed in a Cheapside shop window, the works being set in the centre of a steel torpedo swinging from davits of brass.

Full-length model of a man in the costume of the First Empire.

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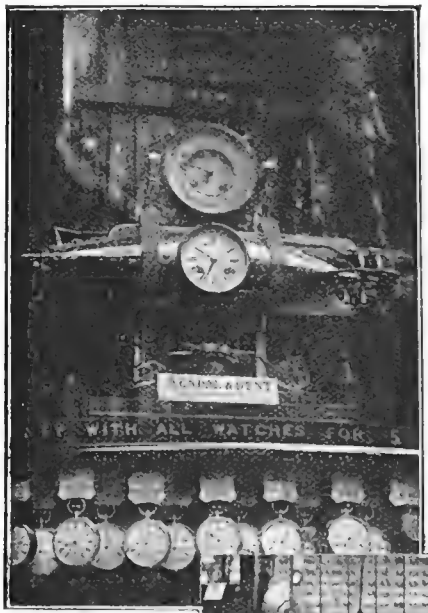
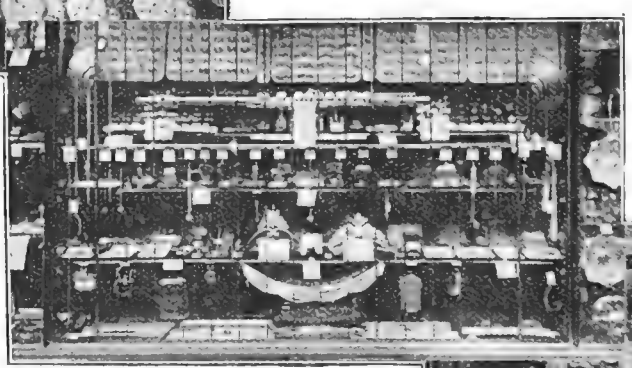


This clock of steel in the form of a torpedo will particularly appeal to readers at this time, when we hear so much of wars and rumours of wars.



In this jeweller's window a flute may be seen which is made entirely of 22-carat gold. The valuable and unique instrument costs only £120.

Everton toffee-shop. When you remember that Everton toffee is a national institution, you can guess how good an advertisement that was.

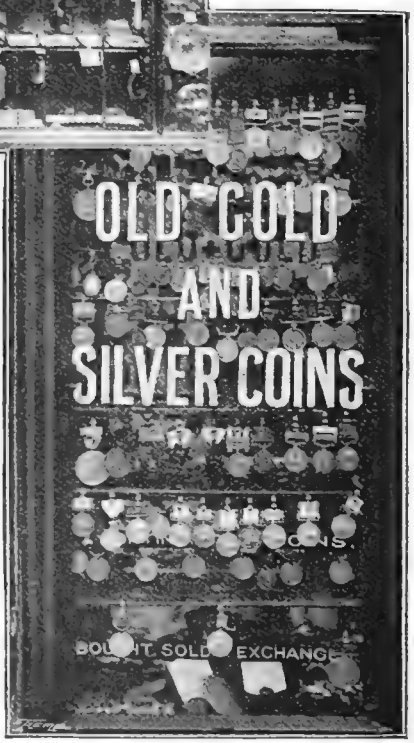
Among other shop windows, noteworthy from the domestic point of view, must certainly be included that of Hearson and Co., in Regent Street, where several specimens of chicken-incubators, with large families of little chicks, in various stages of development, in and about them, give a good deal of pleasure and amusement to many spectators.

Perhaps no class of shop windows exhibits a keener appreciation of what is likely to bring business than that of tobacconists.

Do you smoke a briar? The largest piece of briar-root in the world is in a Fleet Street window, as is also the largest bit of amber; both are in Weingot's. Do you affect a meerschaum? There is a window in Tottenham Court Road where you can see a workman making and shaping bowl and stem out of the native block of mineral "while you wait." Or, better still, if you care to know how magnificent a

In London and in every city and big town throughout the country there is always one window before which you are pretty certain to behold a little gathering, and that is the window of the Singer Sewing Machine Company, who generally contrive to make it a good "draw" by the use of mechanical figures. Perhaps they show you a placid grey-haired woman manipulating a sewing-machine, while a child watches her at work; or, it may be, a group of little girls at a tea party, if you please, with a machine in their midst as a particular treat.

From sewing-machines to wedding cakes seems rather a jump, but if their order were reversed their juxtaposition might probably appear more natural. Ladies, at least, may be presumed to take an interest in both, and I should like to show them the window of a certain confectioner and pastry cook in Earl's Court Road, where may be seen a model villa, with a tower, which consists entirely—so far as one can judge—of wedding cake materials! And this reminds me of another model I saw some two or three years ago in the window of a Liverpool sweet-stuff shop—it was a representation of the original



A window containing Victoria Crosses and War Medals of many campaigns.

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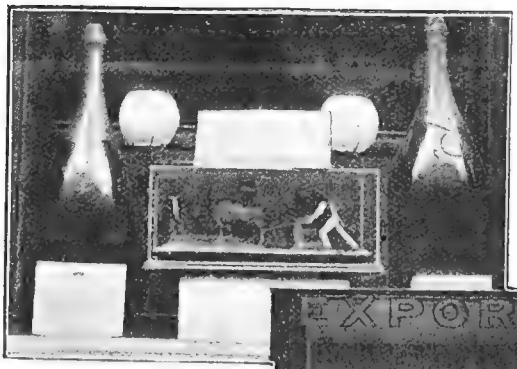
meerschaum pipe can be, there is a bowl in Skinner's window in Fleet Street which is well worth looking at, as it is a matchless example of carving, the subject being the Battle of Leipsic. It is, no doubt, rather too large for comfortable smoking, and the price of it may be beyond you unless you are a millionaire, for it is valued at £100, but you cannot help admiring and coveting it.

Making and cooking pastry in a shop window.

It may be that you are old-fashioned and take your nicotine in the form of snuff. Well, there is a collection of rare and beautiful snuff-boxes in a Wardour Street shop window that will make your eyes glisten and your mouth water —I suppose I should have said that will tickle your nostrils with delicious titillation. Elsewhere you will find snuff-boxes of another sort, such as the snuff "mull" of horn, or a veritable ram's head shining with cairngorms, and bright with silver, or the more humble imitation ram's head of carved wood. There is a first-class sample of the last in a Praed Street tobacconist's window.



A model of a Spanish ox-cart, laden with wine.

Of a somewhat different character is an advertisement in the window of Everard's tobacco shop in Oxford Street; it is sufficiently curious to deserve a paragraph all to itself. At first sight it does not appear to have any connection with the trade at all, for it seems to be a temple of some sort. And, in fact, an examination of it supports this notion. It turns out to be an Indian pagoda in miniature, about two feet in length by a foot in height, exquisitely carved out of the pith of trees. You may see finer specimens of this extraordinary kind of work in the South Kensington Indian museum, but the point about that in Everard's window is that this pagoda is the representation of the trade mark of Oakes and Co., the well-known Indian cigar manufacturers, and as such is a quite unique "ad." The weight of the pagoda is about a pound only.

The largest piece of asbestos in the world—value, £500.

To pass, like a Chancellor of the Exchequer in a Budget speech, from tobacco to wines—you will see very beautiful models in the windows of Taylor's, in Cheapside, of a Douro wine-boat and a Spanish ox-cart laden with barrels of the produce of the grape. But as a general thing, wine merchants either have nothing in their windows, or are content with a liberal display of battalions of bottles — one way, it may be, of saying "Good wine needs no bush."

From wines we come by an inevitable transition to cups and drinking vessels. Everyone has observed cups both of gold and of silver, the trophies of some athletic or other

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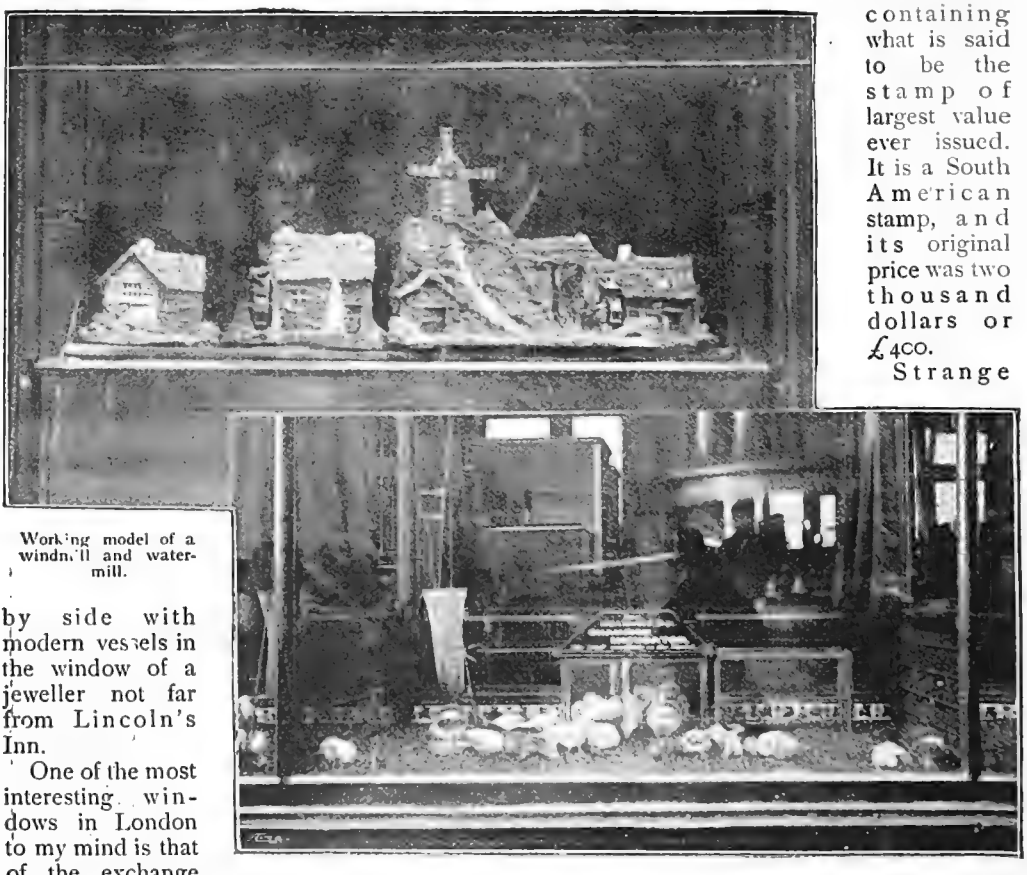
contest, in shop-windows, but I wonder how many have seen drinking-vessels in the form of ships made out of leather? There used to be a splendid example—a three-masted ship in full sail—on exhibition in a shop window in Endell Street. Of course, leather in the good old days was often used for the making of bottles in this country, just as skins are still employed by the water-carriers of the East at the present time. Specimens of the leathern "Jack" and of the much rarer "pilgrim bottle," also of leather, stand side by side with modern vessels in the window of a jeweller not far from Lincoln's Inn.



Working model of a windmill and water-mill.

One of the most interesting windows in London to my mind is that of the exchange office in front of Charing Cross Station. Here are, in addition to money of all kinds and stars and crosses of every Order under the sun, a £1 Bank of England note and also a *forged* £5 note of the same financial institution. I have frequently tried to guess what is the story behind that counterfeit bank note, but I have never asked because I like to keep on guessing. Another thing in this window which I like to speculate about is the star of rough unpolished metal given by Gordon to his soldiers at Khartoum.

You may notice in a shop window in New Oxford Street a row of what are termed "Trick Pennies," a decidedly strange kind of coin which has the remarkable property of vanishing or of doubling itself according to the wish of the conjurer who handles it. No wonder one finds the shop called the Palace of Magic! Not very far from it, in Shaftsbury Avenue, you should be sure, particularly if you are a philatelist, to look at a window containing what is said to be the stamp of largest value ever issued. It is a South American stamp, and its original price was two thousand dollars or £400. Strange and unusual natural, or unnatural, objects are frequently put out in shop windows. The Italian Asbestos Company exhibits the larges piece of asbestos in the world; its value is stated to be £500. In Houndsditch I noticed a vase, and in Wardour Street a jug, both having sponges growing out of them, and similar objects are tolerably common. You have perhaps seen all manner of quaint figures of people or animals cut out of

One of the most interesting sights in London shop windows. A chicken incubator and its offspring.

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An enormous turtle-shell in the window of a furniture dealer.

sponges — there used to be a collection of them in a shop window in Southampton Row. In Houndsditch, too, I saw a superb specimen of the Japanese crab mounted on a great piece of cardboard. The legs of the creature are four or five feet long. There's a "nipper" for you! One of the most extraordinary advertisements I have observed in a window is that in Rosen-

A large lobster arranged as a grotesque human being.

berg, the naturalist's, in Charing Cross Road. It consists of hundreds upon hundreds of beetles of all sizes arranged within a frame so as to form a highly elaborate design of serpentine pattern. In Ludgate Circus is a window where a crowd often stands gazing at wonderful phrenological casts, mixed with readings and characterisations of the heads of celebrities, to say nothing of pictures showing the meaning of the shape of your skull and mine.

A dog-fancier's shop window in Seven Dials is decorated with a model of a windmill (jocularly differentiated from the ordinary thing by the use in this case of water as the motive power) and a slowly going shoal of shining water-wheel round above a go'd fish.

Of large shop windows I may mention the carved figure of a man in the costume of the First Empire exhibited in Salviati's in Regent Street, and the representation in waxwork of the picture, "Rock of Ages," in Louis Tussaud's Edgware Road. An artist's lay figure, holding an umbrella and a paint box, makes a bid for cus- tom in Kensington High Street.

In conclusion, I should like to say that one of the most amusing things I have seen in a shop window appears written on a card which a six-penny are attached, as follows:—

A shop window lined with pictures and cartoons of the war.

Why spend a 6d. When a 1d. will pur- chase a box of our squilis? in mixtures and pills,

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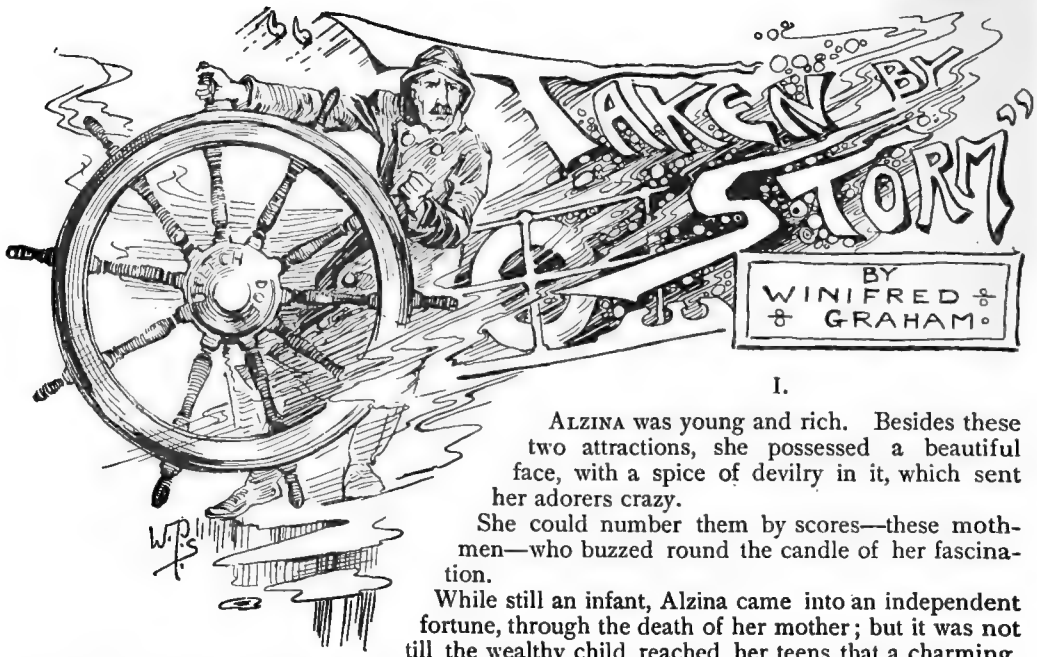

I.

ALZINA was young and rich. Besides these two attractions, she possessed a beautiful face, with a spice of devilry in it, which sent her adorers crazy.

She could number them by scores—these moth-men—who buzzed round the candle of her fascination.

While still an infant, Alzina came into an independent fortune, through the death of her mother; but it was not till the wealthy child reached her teens that a charming, gentle, little stepmother appeared on the scene. Alzina looked upon the newcomer with much admiration, and unlimited respect.

"You may call me Sylvia," the dear little woman had said, seeing that the word "Mother" came strangely to Alzina's tongue.

So Sylvia she had remained from the first day of her entry into Mr. Sutherland's home.

Alzina's lot seemed strangely fortunate. She could indulge her every whim, and nobody restrained her.

With her father's permission, she purchased a steam yacht—*The Dutch Doll*—on which her happiest days were spent, surrounded by friends of her own selection.

"The Captain says we are going to have dirty weather," Alzina informed her step-mother, who was seated in a low chair, watching the distant rocks of rugged Norway. "It can be pretty nasty in the North Sea. You are not afraid?"

The girl looked down anxiously at the fair-haired woman, who in manner and appearance involuntarily suggested the calm of a summer sea, so placid were her blue eyes.

"Oh! no, dear."

"Well, I asked, because of course we could turn back. Naturally, the men don't mind, and we can please ourselves, being the only ladies on board."

Sylvia laughed. "We must keep up our reputation for pluck," she said. "It has been a delightful trip."

"Yes," answered Alzina a trifle doubtfully, looking down into the dark water.

"And yet," added Sylvia, "You are not quite satisfied?"

"Oh! with the scenery, yes. I was thinking of the people—our passengers on board. They have all been nice, except ——"

She paused, looking round for fear of listening ears.

"Except," lowering her voice, "Evelyn Langley." She indicated, with a slight movement of her head, the figure of a tall man pacing up and down the deck, conversing with her father.

"My dear child, what has he done to offend you?"

"Nothing that I can explain, but you must know how it is! Everyone has been so tremendously kind to me, and he looks on as if they were fools to waste a second thought on such a worthless person as myself. I know instinctively that he does not approve of me. He watches my actions with supercilious eyes. One morning (it was such fun) he came up on deck at about four o'clock and found me there without shoes, wrapt in a long rug, with

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curl-pins on my forehead. He looked awfully shocked, and disappeared like a flash of lightning. I was talking to the captain! I suppose you know, Sylvia, he thinks no end of you, and never tires of singing your praises. You are his ideal of a perfect woman. Yet I can't see that we are so very different. Certainly you are fair and pale, while I am dark with lots of colour; still, we're just about the same height, our features are rather alike, and our—"

"Natures?" queried Mrs. Sutherland. Alzina smiled.

"As far removed as Pole from Pole," she cried. "I could never attain to your holy calm, my blood is too hot, and moves like quicksilver. I suppose Evelyn Langley is right, and you are superior in every way." A little sigh escaped Alzina, as she flitted across the deck.

"We always want what we cannot get," thought Mrs. Sutherland; "nobody receives more attention than Alzina, but the man who withholds his favour is the one who could win her if he tried!"

II.

The captain had prophesied rightly, and the angry sea fulfilled his expectations. A great storm came the second day, the seething waters rose mountains high in foaming breakers over *The Dutch Doll*. The brave little boat had weathered many a gale before, but now the fierce ocean seemed treating her like a piece of match-wood in its fury.

Night was upon them, but no one thought of sleeping.

"I can't go to bed," Mrs. Sutherland declared, as she watched the storm from the cabin window. "It feels every minute as if we should be plunged into eternity." She raised her blue eyes to Evelyn Langley's. She had known him in her girlhood, but not until John Sutherland came into her life did she realise this quiet reserved man, Evelyn Langley, also loved her.

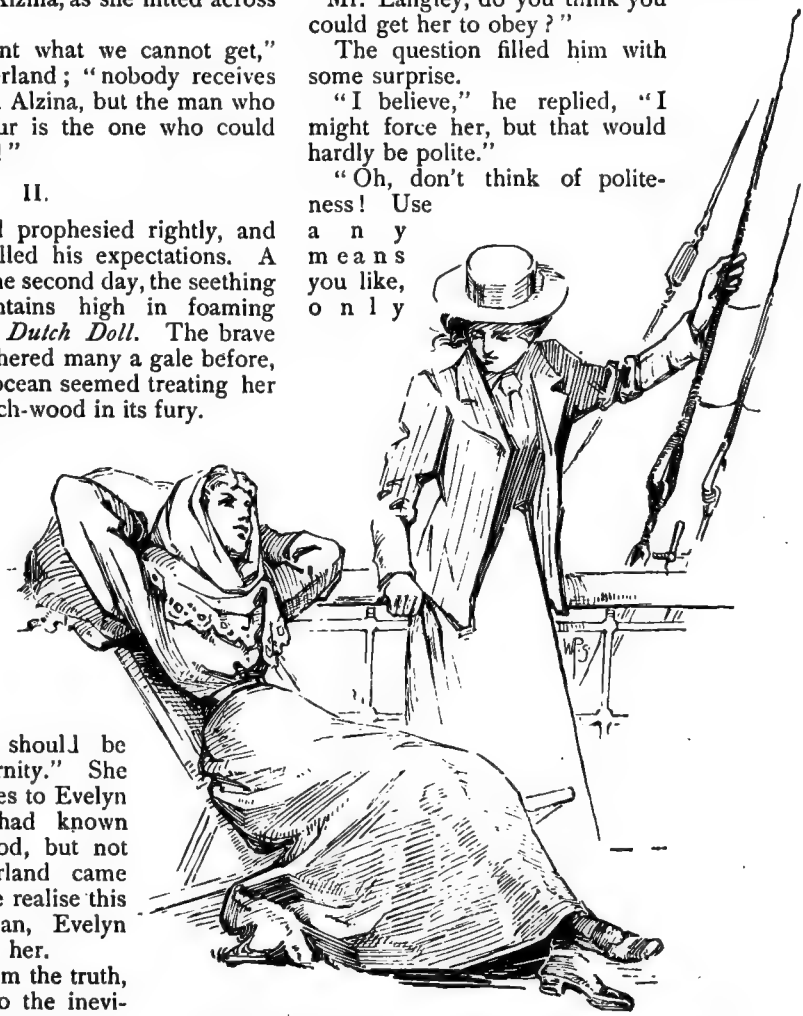
Then she told him the truth, and he, resigned to the inevitable after five years absence abroad, accepted the consolation of their mutual friendship. "Where is Alzina?" she asked. "Has anyone seen her? She is not below." As Sylvia spoke her husband stumbled into the cabin, a rush of fierce wind accompanying his entrance, "Alzina," he gasped, "is on the bridge with the Captain and the mate, no power will move her! She has absolutely defied my authority. I can do nothing more. The men are entreating her to leave them, for she is in a position of extreme danger. The waves sweep over her but she is entirely fearless, and declares if the yacht goes under she will stick to the bridge to the last. Any moment she may be carried off her feet. It is nothing but child's folly and bravado."

Mrs. Sutherland turned to their guest, "Mr. Langley, do you think you could get her to obey?"

The question filled him with some surprise.

"I believe," he replied, "I might force her, but that would hardly be polite."

"Oh, don't think of politeness! Use any means you like, only



"The Captain says we are going to have dirty weather."

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bring her down if you can," said the distracted father.

Evelyn Langley went out to meet the raging tempest. He was not thinking of personal danger, nor yet of Mr. Sutherland's anxiety for his child. He could only remember that Sylvia had appealed to him, as having some influence over the wild, spoilt girl. He must not disappoint Sylvia.

With difficulty he reached the bridge, swept by the salt foam. There stood Alzina, her long overcoat soaked with sea water, a sou'-wester hiding the shape of her pretty dark head. She looked singularly boyish as she clung to the rails, her lips set firmly, her eyes bright and fearless. Her reckless spirit seemed to be part of the storm.

She found herself lifted off her feet.

Evelyn Langley came up behind her, speaking in decided accents, which reached her ear above the terrific roar of the wind and the waves.

"Pardon me, Miss Sutherland," she heard him say, "but you must come below at once; it isn't safe for you to be here."

She turned to him with a scornful expression, and shook her head.

"It's no good; I am going to stay!'

"But you can't," he replied, "because I promised to bring you down."

She shrugged her shoulders.

"It is my yacht," she said, "and I can't see what you have to do with it. I don't want to quarrel, for we may all be at the bottom of the sea before long. Look out!"

As she spoke *The Dutch Doll* plunged head foremost into an abyss of seething waters, and a monster wave swept over them as side by side they clung to the rail. Involuntarily he clasped her in his arms.

"Let go of me," she said, as they emerged from the perilous plunge. But Evelyn Langley was holding her tightly, nor had he any intention of loosing his grasp.

Before she realised her helplessness, she found herself lifted off her feet, while Langley proceeded to carry her below, in spite of the tossing and rolling of the barque.

"How dare you! How dare you!" she shrieked, struggling to free herself. "I'll never forgive you, you——!"

As she hissed out the words, she dug her teeth into his hand, maddened to desperation by his masterful action.

But he heeded her not, as he battled against the storm, and it is doubtful even if he felt the sharp grip of those ivory weapons.

He was absolutely exhausted by the time he reached the cabin, depositing his infuriated burden on the sofa by Mrs. Sutherland.

"I'll never forgive you!" gasped Alzina again, springing to her feet and making a rush for the door. He watched her helplessly, he had done his best—Sylvia would know that.

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Before Alzina could escape, a violent shock flung her to the ground, the rushing of water on the window panes making it seem as if the ill-fated *Dutch Doll* had taken her last dive into the merciless deep.

Up she came again to the face of the light, but a thrill of some dread fatality instinctively rushed to the hearts of those on board.

"What has happened?" said Alzina in a strange, altered tone, her face blanching for the first time, her large eyes dilating with unspeakable fear. She pushed open the door, and looked out, holding the handle tightly, while her whole body trembled.

Mr. Sutherland and Evelyn Langley pressed forward, but she staggered back against them with a cry.

"The bridge!" she gasped. "It's gone —*gone!* Do you hear? My God!" She sank on her knees at the feet of the two men, sobbing pitifully.

III.

THE bridgeless *Dutch Doll* still floated, steered by the second quartermaster from the wheel at the stern, when morning dawned. The storm was abating, and Alzina, a little picture of misery, watched the wild sky lighten over the cruel sea.

Someone came and stood beside her—a tall figure, with an ugly red scar near the joint of his thumb.

She looked up at him.

"I was just thinking," she said, "that you saved my life. A moment later, and I should have been swept into the sea with the Captain and the quartermaster. They were such good fellows too. I loved them both; I love all my crew — they seem to belong to me especially."

As she spoke, her eye fell on Evelyn Langley's scar.

"You have hurt your hand," she added. "How did that happen?"

He hid the wound quickly.

"It's nothing—merely a knock."

Before the words escaped his lips, the truth flashed over her, and a wave of shamed colour flooded Alzina's cheeks.

"Oh, I know, I know!" she broke out, in a sudden agony of remorse. "It was my doing. I remember now. I was mad, and I bit you! By all the laws of nature you should get hydrophobia, for I was nothing but a wild beast at the moment, yet you troubled to save me! Why did you? Why were you so good as to care whether I lived or died? What made you come just at that moment and rescue me from my perilous post? I hated you for it in my folly, and now from the bottom of my heart I thank you. I want to live a great many years. Oh! to have died, to have died."

She covered her face and shuddered. Her young soul rebelled at the very idea of death.

A moment's pause, in which Alzina awaited his answer with throbbing pulses. She asked herself "Why?—why had he done it? Why had he troubled?" a thousand times during the long wakeful night.

Evelyn Langley answered truthfully shortly.

"Mrs. Sutherland was anxious; she asked me."

The words came like a douche of cold water.

"Oh!" Alzina said, and her voice sounded strangled. "Sylvia asked you. I see."

* * * * *

When they were safely landed, and Evelyn Langley went his way, he left several strong impressions upon Alzina's mind.

His will had conquered hers; the masterful action which saved her life had also won her heart, and yet they parted, with just a formal good-bye.

Sylvia guessed how matters stood, but tactfully refrained from questioning Alzina; in fact, it was not till some months later Mrs. Sutherland ventured to bring up the subject of Evelyn Langley.

"I suppose," she said, "you know your bold deliverer is coming to see us."

Alzina looked up, a strange light flitted into her eyes.

"Mr. Langley?" she queried, trying to appear unconcerned.

"Yes."

"He will indeed be glad to meet you again" (a touch of bitterness in her tone). Then seeing an expression of hurt disapproval sadden Mrs. Sutherland's face, Alzina added hastily: "Oh! no, no; I won't be jealous of you, dear; you cannot help winning his admiration. I only wish I were more like you, that he might also admire me a little!"

Sylvia sighed. She had no desire to keep Evelyn Langley's affection.

"Your father met him in town yesterday," she said, "and he asked if he might run down for the night. He could not let us know the train, as his movements are rather uncertain. He said he would walk up from the station, so we can send down for his luggage when he arrives."

Alzina listened silently. Just for a moment she had thrilled at the thought of seeing him,

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"You saved Alzina's life once before, will you help us again now?"

but now as she grew calmer the idea became distasteful.

Instinctively she knew that he despised her. For all those weeks upon the yacht he had treated her as a spoilt, ungoverned child, requiring snubbing. Inwardly she determined to avoid him as much as possible, to leave him with the gentle Sylvia, that perfect type of a sweet and pliable woman.

"When do you think he will come?" Alzina asked.

"Some time in the afternoon."

"Then I shan't ride this morning, it will be an excuse to get out later on. I shall be in my habit, and directly he comes I'll order Mascotte to be brought round. Mr. Langley will be perfectly happy with you."

"Won't it look a little rude, Alzina?"

"I don't think I mind if it does," replied the girl. "Oh, by the way, Sylvia, did I tell you father attacked me last night on the subject of my riding alone? He talked a lot of nonsense about not liking me to go out unattended, as if it mattered in the country! But I got round him at last, after declaring that I hated riding with groom. One does not feel the least free with a booted and liveried companion somewhere in the background. 'If you insist on George coming,' I said, 'I shall make him ride beside me, and tell him funny stories.' So I am still allowed complete liberty."

"I hope you keep well away from the village!" said Mrs. Sutherland with a shudder.

Alzina did not answer; she was busily arranging flowers in a vase.

IV.

Evelyn Langley looked handsomer than ever, as he sprang from the train, finding himself the only passenger to alight at the little country station.

He was fond of walking, and started off at a brisk pace to Lansdown Hall. He knew the way well, which led through the picturesque village, up a winding hill, to where the grand old mansion stood, which for years had sheltered the Sutherland family.

On his way he met a broad-chested, square-shouldered man, with florid face and carrot coloured beard—Farmer Kenny by name—who touching his hat respectfully, bade Mr. Langley welcome.

"Be you going up to Lansdown Hall, Sir?" he asked.

"Yes."

"And by way of the village?"

"Yes."

"Then take my advice, Mr. Langley, and don't! Nobody goes that way these times. There's an epidemic broke out of diphtheria, and the people are dying like flies. The doctors and nurses are run off their feet; it's made a regular scare. Let me show you the path through the woods. It's a bit further, but I'm going that way myself."

Evelyn Langley thanked him, and expressed his regret at hearing the news.

"Yes," added the talkative farmer, "it's a bad thing for the place; but there, we've

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been wonderful healthy round these parts for a score of years, and the cattle are all fine—fine! Don't know what some of them poor creatures (pointing backwards towards the village) would have done without the good lady from the Hall. She's startlin' generous with her money, she is, and ain't got an atom of fear in her—that's true. I wonder the master allows it, for she's in and out of them infectious houses every day of 'er life—it's a marvel to see her. A real good plucked 'un—one of the best." He rubbed his hands together, as if to signify appreciation, while Evelyn Langley felt his heart quicken at the words.

"How like Sylvia! To forget herself, scorn danger, and go fearlessly, like the good angel that she was, into these stricken homes.

So he continued to think of Sylvia, as he wended his way to the Hall. He found her daintily gowned, seated in a low chair with a novel in her hands and cushions behind her head. She looked like a delicate flower, while Alzina, the strong young tree, upright and alert, stood beside her in a trim riding habit.

Tea was ready—a mass of silver and choice china—over which Mrs. Sutherland's thin white fingers strayed lazily as she talked.

"Oh!" she murmured, in reply to a remark from Evelyn Langley, "so you have heard of this dreadful disease in our village. But don't be afraid, we are quite safe up here on the hill."

He smiled.

"I am amused that you should tell me not to be afraid. I have not only heard that, but Farmer Kenny could not praise you enough for the noble way in which you have visited the infected houses."

Sylvia turned her blue eyes upon him in wondering surprise.

"Really, I think Farmer Kenny must have been drinking again! Neither Alzina nor myself are allowed to go near the village."

Evelyn Langley was looking at Alzina, for he felt as he spoke that she instinctively started forward with an effort to prevent him from pursuing the subject.

An awkward pause fell upon them, evidently he had said something unwise.

The clatter of hoofs on the gravel outside gave the girl her opportunity to escape.

Hastily excusing herself, she hurried from the room, but her look and gesture had not passed Mrs. Sutherland's sharp eyes.

As the drawing-room door closed Sylvia bent forward and spoke in a quick, excited whisper.

"Is it possible," she said, "Alzina has been visiting in the village, and that is the reason why she insists on riding alone? She is mad and foolish enough for anything! I have the greatest horror of infection, she may bring it here—into the house."

Mrs. Sutherland was thinking of herself, and instinctively she trembled. Evelyn Langley noticed this—it disappointed him.

"Some one must follow her and see," Sylvia continued, clasping her hands together, and swaying slightly as she rose to her feet. "But it is horrible to let the servant know of my suspicion. Tell me quickly, what did Farmer Kenny say? Did he mention me by name?"

"No; he only said, 'the good lady from the Hall?"

Sylvia suddenly paced the room in a turmoil of agitation.

"Oh, Mr. Langley," she cried "you are always so kind, you saved Alzina's life once before, will you help us again now?"

"What can I do? You have only to command me!"

"Take my husband's bicycle, and follow her down the hill. If she turns towards the village, stop her if possible!"

"What a spy she will think me!" he muttered, but nevertheless he went.

V.

Alzina was trotting at a sharp pace on her fast polo pony, she had a good start, and reached the village before her pursuer sighted her in the distance.

She drew up in front of the chemist's shop, and the man was evidently expecting her, for he came out with several parcels, which she managed to carry in her disengaged hand.

Then she rode on to a cottage, and, dismounting, left "Mascotte" in charge of a small boy.

When Evelyn Langley came up, he gave the boy a shilling, and told him he would look after the pony for Miss Sutherland.

A strange revulsion of feeling had come over the man, as he waited for Alzina to appear. He could see her through the open door, talking to a woman who was in tears.

He heard words of thankfulness, poured upon the visitor, with lavish blessings, and then he caught the cheering reply, with which Alzina sought to comfort the distressed mother.

As she came out, and her eyes met his, she started guiltily.

They were quite at the end of the village, and had only a few yards to walk to be alone in the open country.

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"I want to talk to you," he said, leading the pony with one hand, and wheeling his bicycle with the other. They went some way in silence, each busy with their own thoughts. She did not ask him why he had come, she supposed this was for Sylvia's sake, too. Every minute she expected him to break into reproaches, to upbraid her for inconsideration to the nervous little lady, who had so carefully avoided the village.

Her eyes were widely opened, and her mouth firmly set. The glow from the sinking sun spread its rich flood of colour on her youthful face. For the first time in her life she appeared beautiful to Evelyn Langley, her exterior beauty seeming to indicate in a strange, new way the inward beauty of soul.

Something in this brave, fearless child, with her large heart, in which burned the instincts of heroism, magnetised the man, and spoke straight from her spirit to his.

Her actions that day, all unknown to herself, had touched him and appealed to him in all the thousand little ways that, accumulated, make up fascination.

She was good and she was brave, but Sylvia had trembled, holding herself apart. Sylvia had disappointed him.

Alzina put out her fingers to take the reins, and as she did so he captured her hand, holding it fast.

"Don't you know I love you?" he said.

Then he spoke, and his voice was shaken with sudden passion.

"Don't you know," he said—"don't you know I love you?"

She looked at him a moment with a touch of satirical wonder in her clear eyes.

"I thought you had been sent to scold me," she said; "you came for Sylvia, didn't you?" As she spoke the old impulsive, untamable nature broke out, shaking her voice.

"Remember," she went on, talking breathlessly, "that night, when I bit your hand. Is the mark there still? You carried me in your arms, too. I wasn't an easy person to hold, was I?"

She expected him to draw back at her retort, to turn away disgusted, and all the while she loved him with a fierce, almost uncontrollable longing.

She let her eyes fall, prepared to battle alone with the misery of that moment.

He leant his arm on Mascotte's neck, and looked at her over the pony.

"Alzina, my darling, I want you," he said. "Can't you care for me a little? Oh! I know I am unworthy of you, and that I have been mad not to realise before the woman to love is not the mere accessory, but the principal in one's life—to take it by storm, as you have taken mine."

She lifted her eyes to his, with a new expression of wonder and delight:

"Evelyn!"

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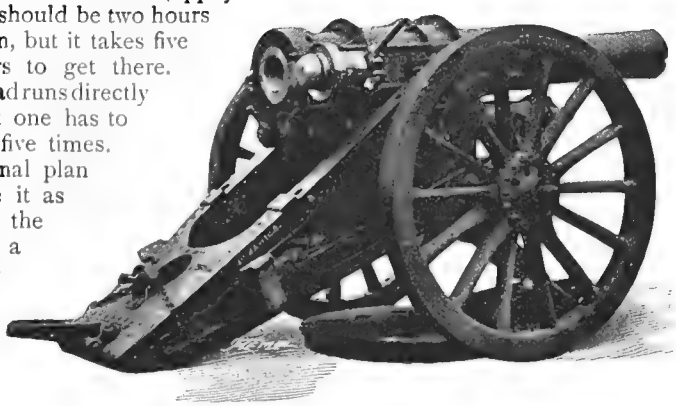
LEARNING TO FIRE BIG GUNS

By James F. J. Archibald.

Photos by Stephen Cribb, Southsea.

The theorists of the Royal Artillery of the British Empire have an excellent opportunity of testing their ideas, and if reports be true, no officer can entertain a scheme too weird to be tried at the testing and proving ground at Lydd, which was established for that very purpose. Artillery practice and instruction, where there is actual firing of shells, needs a great deal of room, and it is best to have it as far from the usual whirl of civilization as possible, and, considering these facts, the plain at Lydd is most happily situated. It should be two hours from London, but it takes five or six hours to get there. The same road runs directly to it, and yet one has to change cars five times. If the original plan was to have it as isolated as the centre of a maze, the idea of the founder has been very cleverly carried out, and, as it is, those in command need never worry about being bothered by visitors, although, indeed, anyone who does find his way to the camp is treated royally.

The town of Lydd is in the south-eastern part of England, in the county of Kent, near the Channel, and the camp is just out of the village on the sea-board. It is an uninteresting and dismal place, but the work that goes on makes up for all that it lacks in natural beauty. The camp is on a great plain almost devoid of vegetation, being the sandy waste left by a receding sea. The permanent camp very much resembles some remote army post that might be found on the arid deserts of Arizona or New Mexico, except that there is always a cooling and refreshing breeze in summer, owing



One of the 6in. howitzers that is now being used in South Africa by the siege train. It fires a 50lb. shell.

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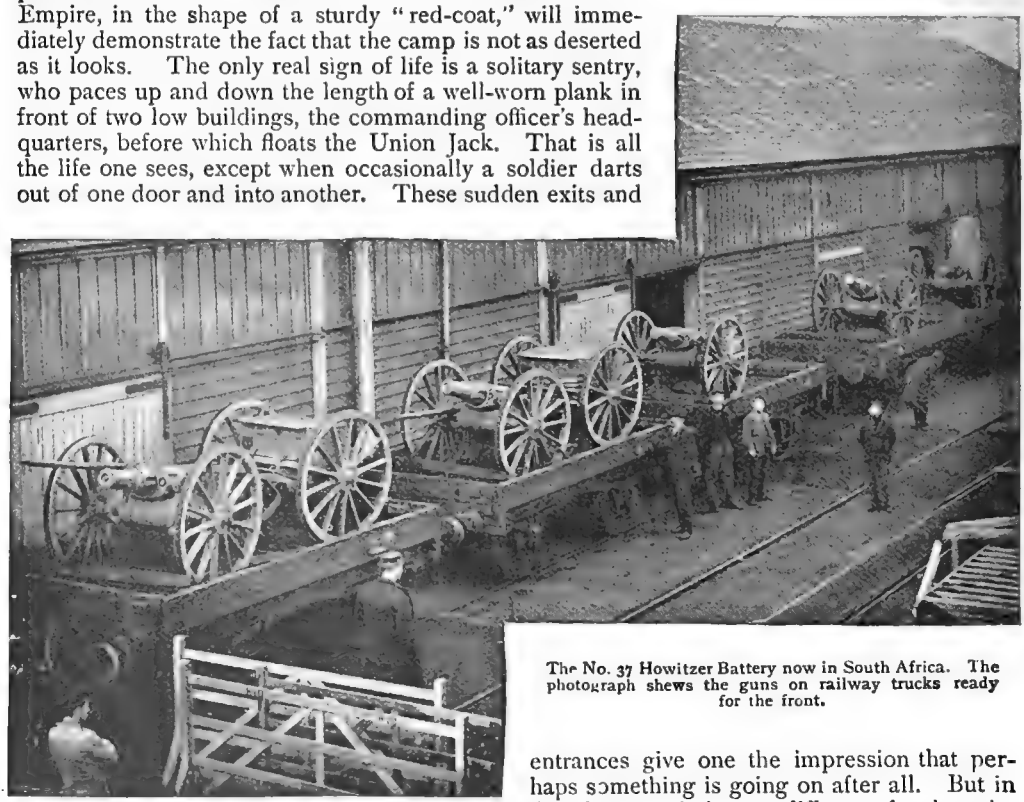
to the close proximity to the sea. The buildings are low, corrugated iron, brick or wooden structures, such as one might find in a frontier post in America, and it would scarcely be supposed that it is here in this lonely, out-of-the-way place that the British Army learns nearly all it knows of the science of warfare in the artillery branch of the service. To this camp, battalions of artillery are sent from all over the United Kingdom, and officers come from all parts of the British world to teach some new theory or be taught some old fact. In the officer's club, an unpretentious but homelike place, are to be found men from every quarter of the earth, from British Columbia and the Dominion of Canada, from Australia and South Africa, from Egypt, from the Soudan, and from India—from all these lands they gather together to devise the most skilful manner of destroying life, or of preserving it from destruction.

There is nothing about the camp that would impress one upon first entrance, for there is very little life visible, and the whole place has a distinctly deserted look, but let the visitor produce a camera or a sketch book and the wrath of the Empire, in the shape of a sturdy "red-coat," will immediately demonstrate the fact that the camp is not as deserted as it looks. The only real sign of life is a solitary sentry, who paces up and down the length of a well-worn plank in front of two low buildings, the commanding officer's headquarters, before which floats the Union Jack. That is all the life one sees, except when occasionally a soldier darts out of one door and into another. These sudden exits and entrances give one the impression that perhaps something is going on after all. But in the afternoon it is very different, for then the practice with the guns commences. There seems to have been a sudden infusion of life; men to be seen scurrying in all directions, and every few moments the heavy report of a gun shakes the little buildings to their foundations, and a few seconds later another report from some distance tells that they are not firing mere blank charges.



The No. 37 Howitzer Battery now in South Africa. The photograph shews the guns on railway trucks ready for the front.

Powder burned in time of peace saves life in time of war. The greater the accuracy the gunners obtain the less the chances of any great loss of life on their side. No power on earth can stand up before an accurate artillery fire, and, even though well protected by breastworks, an enemy could not serve their guns if the opposing force kept up a constant fire with any degree of accuracy.

There is a great amount of secrecy maintained regarding the operations at Lydd, and the various implements of war and the charges used in them are guarded with jealous care. It is against orders to uncover the breech of any gun in order to show it to visitors, unless these come armed with a special permission from the War Office. The breech mechanism

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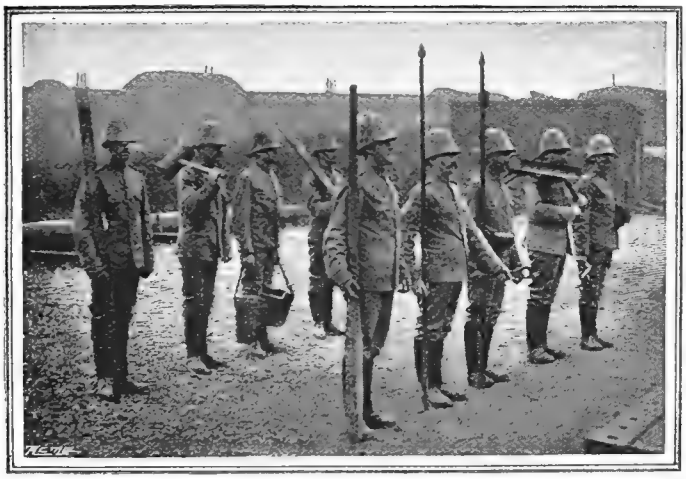

One of the howitzer gun crews fighting in South Africa with the gun implements. The men are in their campaigning kharki costumes.

of the larger guns are all kept carefully covered from the prying eyes of the supposed foreign agent—a rather useless precaution, since anyone may visit the works where the guns are built, and all but obtain the very working plans. In addition to this, no one is allowed to handle, or even see, any of the lyddite used as an explosive power in the shells, and yet all the world knows the secret. It is merely an adopted name for the French "melinite," and has been used by all the Powers, each giving it a different name. England christened it lyddite because it was first tested at Lydd camp. Military secrecy among the European countries has become more a tradition than a reality. It is a known fact that every Government has the plans of every detail pertaining to war that is possessed by any of the others. Nowadays nothing can be guarded strictly enough but is certain, somehow or other, to find its way to the opposing forces.

There is quite a story connected with the sale of lyddite to the English Government—a story which created almost as much talk at the time as the Dreyfus affair has done at the present day. Two French officers, Captain Turpin and Captain Trepone, sold the secret of the explosive to an English firm which in turn passed it on to the Government. It was not until five years later that these two officers were court-martialed and found guilty of treason for selling war material to a foreign power. They were degraded, imprisoned for a term, and then exiled after having to pay a heavy fine, which was, in reality, confiscation of all their property.

The camp at Lydd was established in 1881 for the express purpose of testing lyddite. Since that date it has been used for testing any new military invention, and has also been made the school of gunnery.

Most of the practice is done with the ordinary field guns, about which there has been so much discussion recently. From these are thrown shell, solid shot, or shrapnel. They form the main portion of the artillery most necessary in the conduct of warfare, as they are light and quite easily

Officers of the siege train now at the front.

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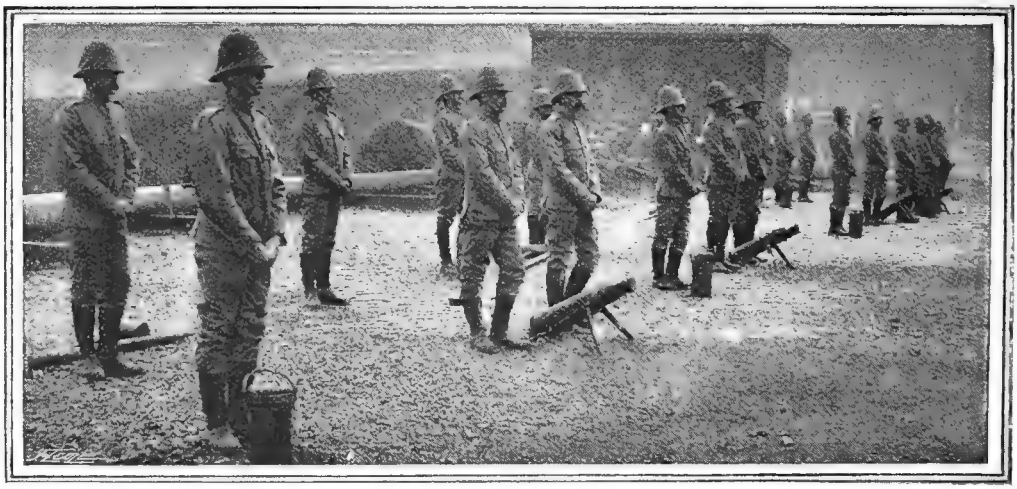

The loading crews of four 6in. howitzers belonging to the siege train in the present war. The men stand behind the guns.

transported, and yet do all the execution required unless siege is laid to a city. These pieces have an accurate range of two miles and a half, although they are seldom fired at more than a mile and a half, and generally even less than that. A twelve pound shell of solid steel is generally used, although the explosive shells are better for most purposes, except that of battering down the walls of a house or of a fortification.

Against infantry, shrapnel is the medium generally used, and it consists of an explosive shell filled with a great number of small ball which surround a charge of powder. A fuse is cut at any desired length before firing, and it is lighted by the discharge of the gun. When it explodes, the ball and the pieces of the shell are scattered over considerable space with deadly effect; the time of explosion being regulated by the length of the fuse. The shell can be scattered immediately it leaves the mouth of the piece, or it can be held together for the full length of the range. Although shrapnel was invented by an Englishman, from whom it derives its name, it is used by all the countries of the world.

One of the most interesting tests is that of firing at a puff of smoke, as though an enemy's battery had just opened. Other than this there is no target visible, although there is one hidden so that the effect of the return shot may be noticed. Not only do the men have to train, to sight their pieces, and to find the range, but they also have to watch for the puff of smoke, as they do not know where it is to be released.

Much attention is paid to the use of the siege guns, not only in firing but in defending as well. One of these heavy guns is turned over to a battery of soldiers stationed at some distance from the ground where the firing is to be done. With it they receive a complete railroad, of small dimensions, but complete in every detail, with rails, ties, switches, and cars, just as it has been taken from the transport train. The artillerymen are ordered to lay the track in the required direction so as to place the big gun. The rails are laid with an 18in. gauge, and as the cars are very small it is quite an easy road to handle. The men build siege placements and bomb-proofs, using baskets of galvanised iron hoops woven together with sticks and then filled with sand.

For siege work the large eleven-inch mortar is generally used. The shells are fired at a great elevation so that the projectile will drop on the object, thus making the use of the mortars a matter of calculation rather than skill. At no time in the firing does the gunner see the object he aims to destroy.

There is a permanent railroad besides the field equipment, which is laid at the standard gauge and connected with the railroad leading to Lydd. It is used in bringing the guns and carriages to the camp, and in transporting them to the various positions. Not only is this railroad a very serviceable adjunct, but is also pointed out to the visitor as one of the interesting features, as it was once used in the Soudan. One of the engines, most of the rails, and many of the cars were used in Lord Wolseley's Egyptian campaign of 1884.

On one of the trains are always piled about fifteen heavy siege mortars, ready for instant

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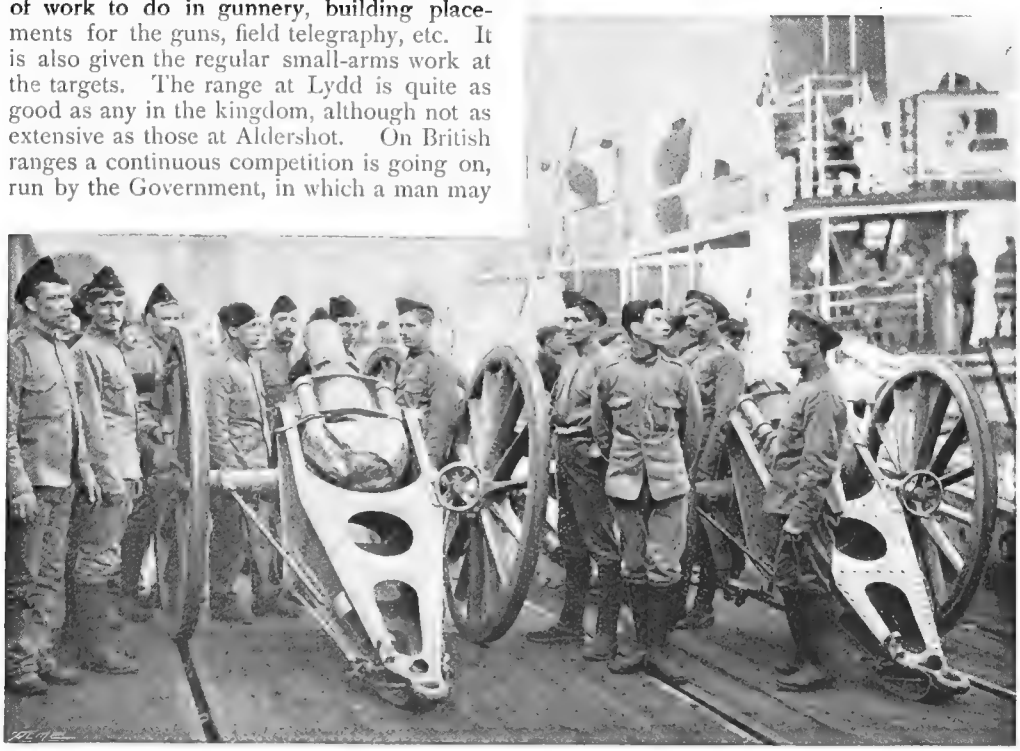
transportation whenever they shall be needed, and near these modern guns are a large number of old-fashioned muzzle-loading cannon, practically obsolete for the last twenty years. All of the Continental ordnance of this character has long since been relegated to the parks of the cities and villages as relics of the grand days of bygone strife; but England has not entirely forsaken these old friends, and a large number of them are kept in repair to be used as siege pieces in case of war. One of the officers at Lydd explained to me that they considered them still useful, and the argument he put forth was, that speed in firing was not essential and minute accuracy in aim was not positively necessary in the case of a siege or of the bombardment of a city, and so these old pieces would do the work quite as well as the more modern guns. All of this may be true, but with years to prepare and a willing treasury to draw from, England need hardly call upon this lot of antiquated artillery to do even siege work.

Not only is attention paid to the practice with large guns, but the small arms of the artillery receive their share. When a battalion is sent to Lydd it has a great amount of work to do in gunnery, building placements for the guns, field telegraphy, etc. It is also given the regular small-arms work at the targets. The range at Lydd is quite as good as any in the kingdom, although not as extensive as those at Aldershot. On British ranges a continuous competition is going on, run by the Government, in which a man may enter whenever he desires by paying a small fee to cover the amount of ammunition used, and have the chance of winning some valuable prizes ranging from a few shillings to ten pounds, that are distributed every day. A reasonably good shot is always sure of "saving" his entrance money, as every "bull's eye" gives a small amount as a prize. At Lydd, as well as at the other camps, the men are at the butts all day unless they have other work to attend to. It is not only good practice for them but it is also a very good form of diversion.

Week after week, through summer and winter, this practice in warfare goes on, as one after another of the battalions of the Royal Artillery come to make their camp and receive their instruction.

The use of artillery, with the modern guns and charges, needs mathematical and geometrical calculation rather than any precision of the eye, as it was in the days of the old muzzle-loaders. It is still needful to have a man of brains with cool, accurate judgment and a quick eye at the breech, but the mathematician must be there also, to determine the range. A child may as well attempt



The big guns of the siege train about to be embarked for South Africa on board the SS. Antillea.

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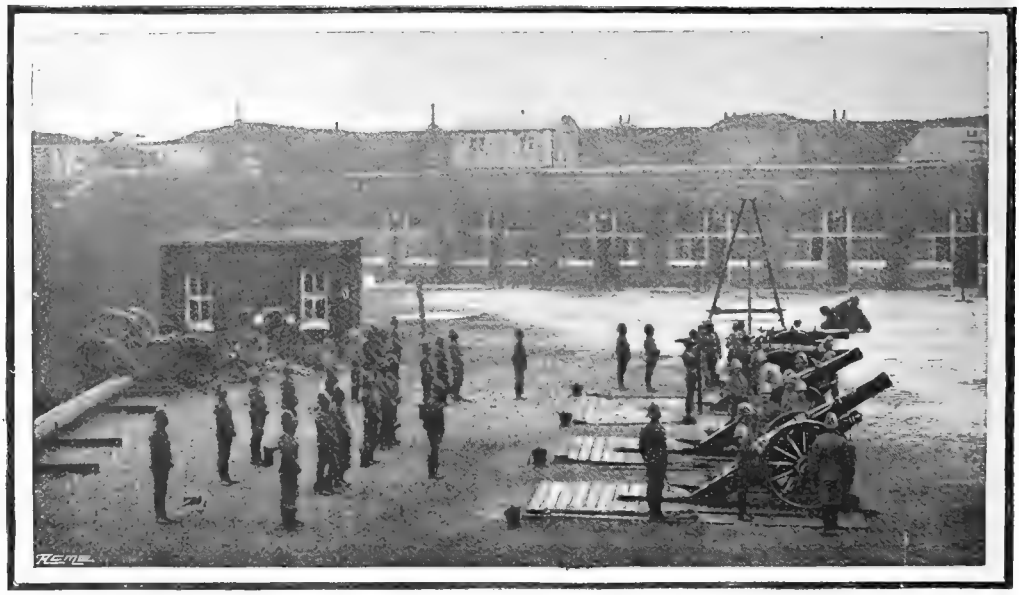
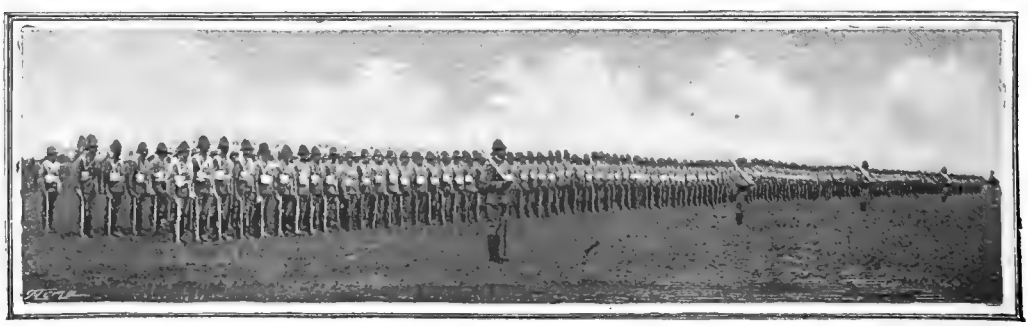


This is the first photograph ever taken of a howitzer battery drilling as at war. The men are all in position at the guns and the reload crews stand ready at the back.

to solve a problem in astronomy as an ordinary soldier, who has had no preliminary instruction, to fire a modern gun with any accuracy. It would be possible, of course, by mere dint of firing, to find the proper elevation, or the distance and the time to cut the fuse of the shell, but by the time the enemy had been located the whole battery would have been annihilated. It is absolutely necessary to have a great amount of practice such as is given the men at Lydd.

It is, however, in the battle-field that all manners of theories are finally tested, and the result of teaching and practice demonstrated. No amount of sham fighting can prove what the artillery of an army is really worth, and the present war in South Africa has taught us various lessons we shall do well to lay seriously to heart. On the whole, we may say, without boast, that our artillery practice has been magnificent—indeed, an enlightened Boer declared that the British gunners crawled out in the night and measured the distance between the opposing armies with a long tape!

But what we should particularly lay to heart is not our success but our failure, and the present campaign seems to have proved that our guns are inferior in many ways to those used by the enemy. It was due to the naval guns that Ladysmith did not fall into the hands of the Boers months ago; our field batteries were, in many cases, practically useless against the guns of the enemy. As I remarked before, with a willing treasury; there should be no excuse for negligence in this matter, and after the war is over it is to be hoped that our artillery will undergo a searching reform.



The whole complement of the first British siege train for South Africa parading before leaving for the front.

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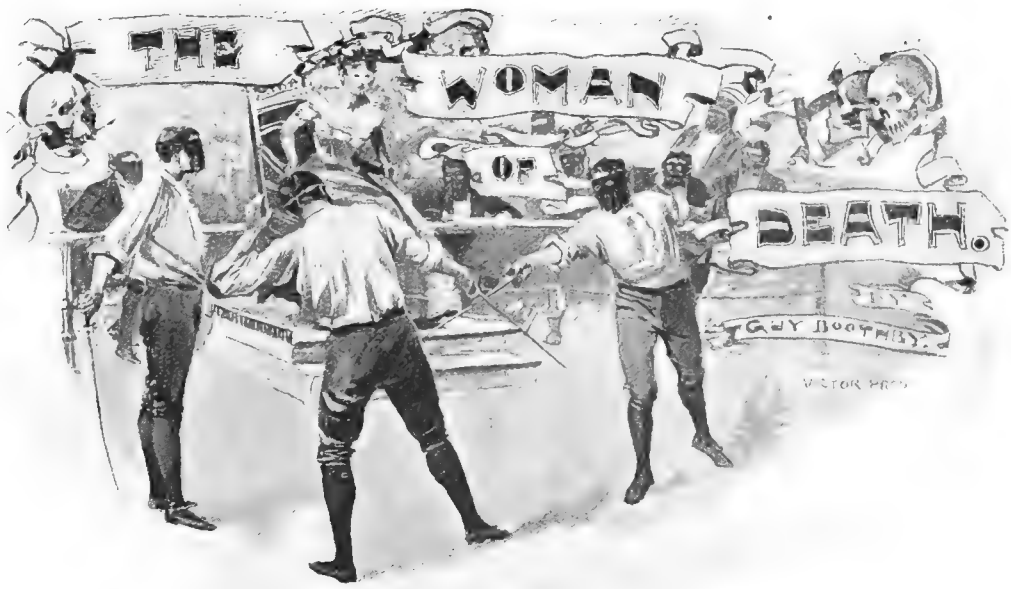

INTRODUCTION.

Lord Middlesborough, an Englishman suffering from boredom, joins a Parisian club, of which the weekly amusement is a duel to the death between two of its members. Everyone is masked, and the affair is presided over by a masked lady whom Middlesborough suspects to be Madame d'Espère, a mysterious lady of his acquaintance. Returning to England, he is visited by a strange Frenchman, who shews him the portrait of his daughter, in whom Middlesborough recognises a lady whose face greatly struck him one night at Monte Carlo. The Frenchman states that his own life is in danger and wishes Middlesborough to marry his daughter. Middlesborough meets the girl at Todthorpe-by-the-Sea and falls in love with her.

CHAPTER VII.

THE morning was well advanced when Middlesborough stepped from the train on to the platform of the station of Todthorpe-by-the-Sea. During the journey down, he had been permitted plenty of opportunity of thinking over the step he was taking. As a proof that his stock of common sense had not yet entirely forsaken him, he argued that it was merely the glamour of Cécile's beauty, and perhaps the touch of romance which surrounded his introduction to her, that had captivated him so strangely. As if to excuse his behaviour he was compelled to confess that he had never seen anyone he liked better; on the other hand, to set the balance true, he had never before experienced a desire to become a married man. Setting one against the other, he thought on the whole it would be better to leave things to chance and see what happened then.

A fresh breeze was blowing in from the sea, and the sand-hills were slowly removing themselves to the station platform. The venerable station-master touched his hat and disappeared into his private residence. The one and only porter stationed himself at the exit door in order to take the tickets of the five passengers who had travelled by the train; while Perkins was left standing near the guard's van waiting for the luggage, and gazing disconsolately upon the surrounding scenery. During the years he had served his master he had visited many strange places, but he could not recall one that boasted so cheerless an exterior as Todthorpe-by-the-Sea. He approached Middlesborough and inquired to what address the luggage should be sent.

"When I was here yesterday, I noticed a small hotel on the left-hand side of the main street," the other replied. "We had better try to obtain rooms there."

His valet's face grew even longer than before. They were not going to a country house, then, as he had supposed. Indeed, it looked as if his master himself did not really know where he was going. From Perkin's point of view, village inns were impossible places, and he began to have serious doubts as to his master's sanity.

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However, he knew him too well to venture upon any remark. He accordingly carried the bags as far as the exit door, where he gave up his own and his master's tickets, and interrogated the porter as to the best accommodation to be found in the village. The yokel scratched his head as if he did not quite understand the simple question put to him. Then a light broke upon his dull brain and he answered:

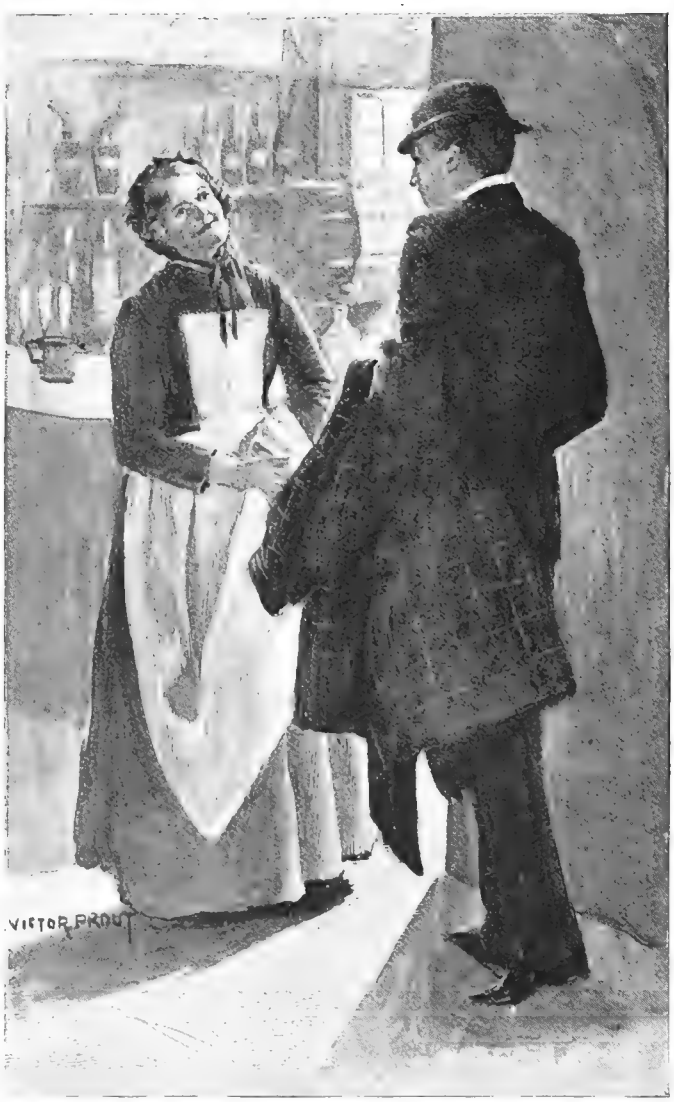
"There baint none, leastways not as I knows on, but there be the Black Bear Inn, sure enough. 'Tis widow Brown's house, and ye'll find the beer none so bad."

Perkins bestowed a look of contempt upon him. Matters seemed to be going from bad to worse. Could it be possible that the great Lord Middlesborough, one of the most fastidious men in Europe, would condescend to patronise a village pothouse? He could not believe it. However, something had to be done, and he accordingly looked about for a vehicle in which to convey the luggage to the village.

"Haven't you got any cabs?" he inquired of the porter, in a tone that suggested that he considered that official responsible for the omission.

The porter shook his head.

"I don't know as I ever seed nary one," he said at last. "But there's the barrer back there on the platform; ye can take that, if ye've a mind to bring it back again."



From her reply it was very evident that she took Perkins for a gentleman.

Middlesborough was forced to turn away in order to hide a smile. His wildest flight of imagination could not picture the stately Perkins pushing a hand-barrow along that dusty road.

"Never mind," he said at last. "We won't trouble about the barrow. You carry a couple of the bags, Perkins, and I'll take the rest. If we can't ride we must walk, and make the best of it. I should say it is not more than half a mile."

"Very good, my lord," said Perkins, resignedly. "If you don't mind, m'lord, of course it's not for me to object."

They accordingly picked up the bags and started. It was a warm morning, and although the luggage was by no means heavy, by the time they had reached the main, and, indeed,

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the only street, both were hot and dusty, and one had suffered somewhat in his temper.

"If I'm not mistaken that should be the Black Bear Inn," said Middlesborough, pointing to a house some fifty or sixty yards down the street.

They made their way towards it to discover, from the announcement above the door, which set forth the fact that Martha Brown was licensed to sell beer and spirits, and also from the picture of the strangely constructed animal depicted on a board hanging from a post opposite, that the conjectures were correct.

Perkins accordingly entered the little passage which led past the bar parlour, and inquired for the landlady, while Middlesborough went into the parlour itself and sat down.

A moment later a bustling, buxom creature, whose corkscrew curls danced on either side of her ruddy countenance as she walked, made her appearance from a room at the end. Perkins bowed stiffly, and inquired whether it would be possible for her to find accommodation for a few days for a gentleman and his servant. From her reply it was very evident that she took Perkins for the gentleman.

"If you wouldn't mind, sir, having things a bit rough, like, I've no doubt I can manage it," she said. "But it's only a small place, you see, and it's not once a year we have a gentleman like yourself asking for a room. A commercial now and again, sir, or a Lloyd's agent when a vessel goes ashore on the beach. That's all. Is your servant here, sir?"

Middlesborough heard Perkins cough apologetically.

"His lordship is in the bar-parlour at this minute," he said, and then added, "This is a terrible place of yours, we could get no carriage and no assistance to carry the baggage up here. Consequently we had to do it ourselves, his lordship assisting. I don't know that I ever saw things worse managed."

The fact that she was to have a live lord as her guest, proved too much for the landlady. On hearing the news she fled precipitately to the kitchen, where she might have been heard a moment later adjuring someone to fly upstairs and get the front room ready for his lordship, "just as quick as ever you did a bit of work in your life, Sarah Jane, and you remember that."

Having thus arranged matters for his master's comfort, Perkins returned to the bar-parlour.

"It's a terrible poor sort of a place, my lord," he said." I don't like to think what the commissariat department will be like. Perhaps your lordship would wish me to telegraph to London for a few delicacies?"

"There is not the least necessity, my good Perkins," Middlesborough replied. "I can rough it very well for a few days. Let me have lunch as soon as possible."

When, half-an-hour later, a round of beef made its appearance, Middlesborough discovered that he possessed an excellent appetite. He drank success to his visit in a glass of excellent ale, and when he had lighted a cigar, felt as contented as he had done in his life.

He had now to decide when he should pay his first visit to the Manor House. He wondered what Mademoiselle de Tarvenac would say when she saw him, and whether she would be pleased or annoyed at his reappearance. His cigar finished, he put on his hat, and, taking a stick, set off up the road. Away to the right, over the sandhills, he could hear the waves breaking upon the beach, and the voices of fishermen hauling up their boat; on his left, when he had left the village behind him, the only human being in sight was a boy scaring crows.

When he reached the gates of the Manor House, and as he was about to enter the drive, he witnessed what might have been a deplorable accident. From the further side of the lodge shouts of laughter were to be heard. A moment later, a small boy, the same he had seen on his previous visit, came into view, dragging behind him a wooden box on wheels, in which a baby was propped up. Unfortunately for the safety of the vehicle, he took the corner at too sharp an angle; the cart skidded on one wheel, and then overbalanced altogether. The boy tripped and fell forward, while the infant was thrown headlong into the long grass by the roadside, where it lay kicking and bellowing lustily. Middlesborough ran and picked it up, and as soon as he had brushed away the dust, endeavoured to soothe the frightened child. He was engaged in this work when a light step on the path attracted his attention, and he looked up to find Cècile de Tarvenac standing before him. At first she was too much surprised at seeing him to think of anything else. Then her astonishment gave place to amusement.

"How do you do, Lord Middlesborough?" she said. "I hope the poor little fellow has not hurt himself?"

"I fancy not," said Middlesborough, as he handed the child to its brother, who by this

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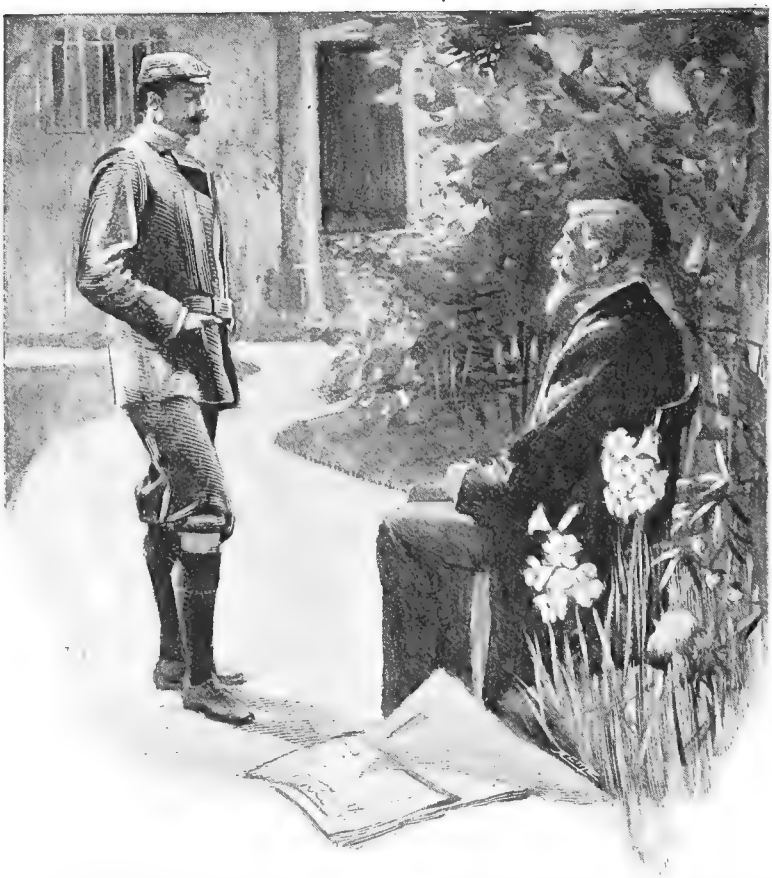

"If I am to win her at all," said Middlesborough, "I must do so in my own fashion. I have no desire for a wife of any one else's choosing."

time had scrambled to his feet and was staring open-mouthed at Mademoiselle de Tarvenac. "He is more frightened than hurt, I fancy."

Then, having slipped a shilling, unperceived by Cécile, into the boy's hand, and thus making him wealthy beyond the dreams of avarice, he continued his walk up the drive at the girl's side.

"I hope I have not offended you by making my appearance here again so soon," he said, as they approached the house.

"I do not see why," she answered. "We have not the monopoly of Todthorpe-by-the-Sea."

He stole a glance at her as she said it. Her face, however, told him nothing.

"Papa will be very pleased to see you, I am sure," she added. "He enjoyed your visit yesterday so much. I cannot tell you how much brighter and happier he seemed afterwards."

Middlesborough thought he could guess why. He did not say so, however. He merely expressed his pleasure at her news, and his willingness to do all that lay in his power to amuse her father.

"You are very kind," she said simply. "I hope you will believe that I am grateful."

They then entered the house together.

The seven days following made up a week of almost unalloyed happiness for Middlesborough. Poor as was his lodging at the Inn, he, who had hitherto been accustomed to all the luxuries that the best hotels could furnish, was never once heard to grumble. The greater portion of his waking hours were spent at the Manor House, and in Cécile's company. They sat by the lily pond together, they walked for miles upon the beach, while in the evening, for it was part of the programme that he should spend his evenings there, Cécile played and sang to them in the quaint old pannelled drawing-room, where dainty ladies must have sung to cavaliers two hundred years before. Never, since he was a little lad, had Middlesborough led so simple an existence. The only person who found life unendurable was Perkins. He, it must be confessed, was entirely out of his element. It is true that he never grumbled openly, but from early morning to dewy eve, his face was one long picture of dejection.

"If I could only see what good there was in it, I wouldn't so much mind," he would say to himself by the pig-stye in the Inn Garden, as he idly scratched the back of a porker with a stick. "He can't surely be

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thinking seriously of that French girl when there's so many of the greatest ladies in Europe as would be only too glad to have him?" At this point Mr. Perkins would shake his head solemnly, and tell himself that his master's doings were too deep a mystery, for even his great mind to solve.

One afternoon Middlesborough reached the house to find De Tarvenac alone in the garden. He was reading a French newspaper which had arrived by the morning post; when his visitor appeared, however, he placed it on the ground beside him.

"Cécile has gone into the village to see a sick woman," he said, by way of explaining his daughter's absence. "In advance of the times as she is on other matters, she still retains the feminine love of a sick-room. By the way, my friend, what sort of progress are you making with her?"

"I do not know," Middlesborough replied. "Sometimes I think she likes me, at others I am afraid she merely tolerates me for your sake."

De Tarvenac drew in some smoke and then puffed it slowly out again.

"Would you wish me to use my influence with her?" he asked. "It is just possible I might be able to do something with her."

"No, no," Middlesborough replied hastily. "If I am to win her at all, I must do so in my own fashion. I have no desire for a wife of anyone else's choosing. You have said nothing to her yet, I hope?"

"Not a word," De Tarvenac answered. "But I must confess I have found it difficult to account to her for your presence here. She is not a girl to be easily hoodwinked. Have you made up your mind when you mean to speak to her?"

"This evening, that is if I can find a suitable opportunity," Middlesborough replied.

"May every success attend you," said her father. "If you could only know what a weight will be lifted off my mind, when I know that she is provided for, you would be able to understand my feelings. I have a continued presentiment that the end, of which I spoke to you at our first meeting, is not very far off. When I was in London, I

A second later Middlesborough stooped, paralysed with horror and astonishment. His face grew pale as death as a thought entered his brain.

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called upon a famous specialist. He examined me and informed me that my heart was in a sad condition. He did not say there was any immediate danger, but he gave me his solemn assurance that a sudden shock might kill me. In that case, what my poor Cécile would do here in a strange country, I do not know."

"Let us hope that nothing will happen to you," Middlesborough answered.

"Still one must remember that there is always the possibility," said the other. "I have to think of her, not of myself."

De Tarvenac rolled the leaf of his cigar meditatively.

"Forgive the question, but—but—well to put it bluntly, is it possible that you have come to love her in so short a time?"

"It is more than possible—it is quite true," said Middlesborough frankly. "I have jested and laughed at love all my life, but the Blind Boy has proved too much for me at last. If Cécile will take pity on my useless life, I will do all that a man can do to make her happy. But she must take me of her own free will, and without coercion of any kind."

"You need not fear that she will do anything else. She is not a woman to be coerced. Dine with us to-night and speak to her afterwards. You need not trouble to dress."

Middlesborough agreed, and, after an hour, seeing that Cécile did not return, he made his way back to his hotel.

It is popularly supposed that the few hours which precede a proposal are not the happiest in a man's existence. In Middlesborough's case it was certainly so. From the moment that he had told De Tarvenac of his intention he was a different being. Until then he had been good temper itself, now nothing pleased him, he could not rest, nor could he settle to anything. His landlady's voluble tongue irritated him beyond measure, the song of a tipsy loafer in the bar aggravated him to the verge of madness, while even Perkin's silent movements in the small bedroom, as he laid out his master's things jarred upon his overstrung nerves.

"There is something in the wind, sure enough," said Perkins to himself, as he brushed an almost inperceptible speck of dust off one of the boots. "That French girl's been pitching into him, I suppose. Well, I don't much mind if it gets me out of this hole back to town. I've had enough of Todthorpe-by-the-Sea to last me all my life."

"Hurry up there, Perkins, can't you," said Middlesborough irritably, "I don't want to be here all night.

"Your linen is quite ready, m'lord," said Perkins, in a tone of gentle remonstrance.

Middlesborough thereupon proceeded with his toilet.

"I am afraid you've had rather a slow time, Perkins," he said at last, feeling that he had not been quite just to his faithful henchman.

"To tell the truth, my lord, it's not exactly lively," the other replied. "There is nothing to do, and the society is scarcely what I have been accustomed to. Pilchards and herrings are the only things they seem able to talk about, and I can't say I'm familiar, so to speak, with either article in its rough state."

"I thought you were more cosmopolitan, Perkins," said Middlesborough with a smile.

"No m'lord," the other answered gravely. "I cannot say that I know anything about the sect you mention. But I have a cousin who was once a guard upon the Metropolitan. He used to say that it was the healthiest occupation in London."

Middlesborough slipped on the coat the other was holding, put a handkerchief in his pocket, and then surveyed himself in the small mirror. He could have wished he were not quite so sallow, that his expression were different; in fact, that he were altogether a handsomer man, and one more likely to take a maiden's eye. But, as he could not change himself, there was not much satisfaction to be got out of wishing, so he bade Perkins give him a light overcoat, and, when he had put it on, he set out for the Manor House.

It was a glorious evening, and as he left the inn, the sun was sinking in a mass of golden splendour behind the sand-hills. In the evening light even Todthorpe-by-Sea might claim to be considered beautiful. Reaching the Manor House, he passed through the lodge gates, nodded to the boy, who by this time considered him an old acquaintance, and made his way up to the house. The aged woman-servant opened the door to him, and informed him that Miss Cécile was in the drawing-room. He accordingly made his way thither, to find her standing by the big window watching the sun dropping to his rest behind the trees.

"How lovely it is," she said, when they had greeted one another. "When I was a little girl I used to think that Heaven must be like that, all silence and beautiful colouring."

It is probable that she would have been shocked, or would have pretended to be, had she known what Middlesborough's idea of

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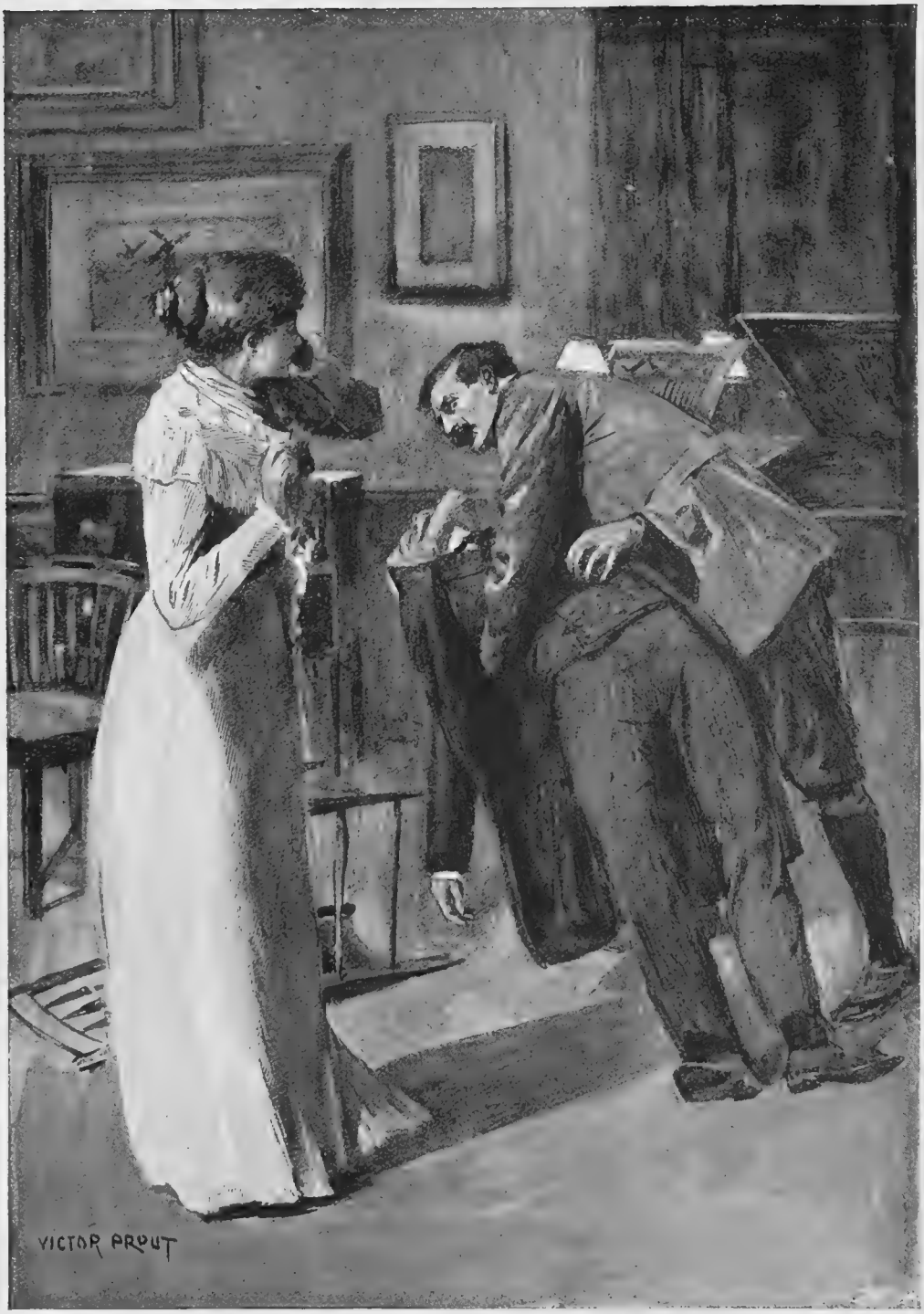

"Bring me a glass of water quickly," he cried to the terrified girl beside him. "Do not be afraid, he has only fainted."

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Heaven at that moment was. He would have said that it was to be with her.

An intense longing to confess what was in his heart, and to know his fate, was taking possession of him. Should he run the risk and win or lose it all? He thought he would, but he had no sooner arrived at this decision than his pluck deserted him, and he resolved to postpone consideration of the matter until after dinner.

"You are very quiet this evening, Lord Middlesborough," Cécile remarked after they had been standing for some minutes side by side.

Here was the opportunity he wanted, and, almost before he knew what he was doing, Middlesborough had entered upon his explanation.

"I am quiet because I have been thinking that it will be necessary for me very soon to bring my stay here to a close," he said.

"That means that you have tired of Todthorpe-by-the-Sea, I suppose," she answered. "And yet you surprise me, for I thought you said only yesterday that you were so fond of its quiet that you might stay for weeks?"

"It is not that I am tired of it," he answered feebly. "It is because I am beginning to think that it would be better for me to go away, because—well, because it is not quite safe for me to remain here any longer."

"Not safe?" she asked, a startled look making its appearance in her face. "Why should it not be safe for you to remain here?"

Then the real meaning of his speech must have struck her, for she gave a little start, and next moment had flushed as crimson as the sky outside.

"I can see that you have guessed my reason," he continued, drawing a little closer to her. "Yes, Cécile, that is why I think it would be better for me to go away. I love you with my whole heart and soul. There is no other woman in the wide world for me but you. Is it possible that you can feel for me any of the love I have for you?"

He took possession of her hand. She lowered her head, but only for a moment. Then she looked proudly up at him.

"Why should I deny it?" she said simply, but fearlessly. "I do love you. I think I have loved you always."

Middlesborough bent low and kissed her hand.

"Thank God," he said, and that was all. In that brief moment all his life was changed.

Ten minutes later De Tarvenac entered the room. It is possible he had suspected what was going on and had remained away on purpose. He looked from one to the other, as if to make sure of his ground. Middlesborough, taking Cécile's hand went forward to meet him.

"Sir," said the former, "I have some news for you. Your daughter has done me the honour of saying that she will be my wife."

De Tarvenac took the girl in his arms and kissed her blushing face.

"Cécile, my darling," he said, "you have made me more than happy. As for you, my lord, though she is my daughter, I think you are to be congratulated on your choice of a wife. May you both be as happy as you deserve."

Middlesborough, relieved of his anxiety as to whether Cécile loved him or not, was a very different person from the man who had chided Perkins for his slowness at the Black Bear an hour and a half before. He was on the best of terms with himself and with the world in general.

Dinner at an end, the happy young couple left De Tarvenac writing some letters in his study, and passed into the garden. Night had fallen, and the young moon hung like a silver sickle above the tree tops. Bats darted hither and thither among the trees, and round the gables of the old house, while far away the sound of a belated cuckoo could be heard wishing the world a monotonous good-night. Middlesborough wondered whether the old garden had ever seen a man as happy as he. It seemed almost unbelievable that he had only known Cécile a week, and equally impossible that there could have ever been a time when they had been strangers to each other. A smile played upon his face as he thought of what the Great World would say when it heard the news of his engagement. But he told himself that he did not care for public opinion. What mattered the Great World's opinion to him now that he had won Cécile? She was his world, and he wanted no other. Time after time they made the circuit of the garden, talking of the future, and all it had in store for them.

Once Middlesborough reminded Cécile of their meeting at Monte Carlo. As he did so the memory of the dream he had had that fateful night came back to him. It was then that he thought for the first time for many days of Madame d'Espere. To think of her was to think of the house at St. Germain. And as he did so an icy cold hand was laid upon his heart. How would he stand with regard to the club now? Instead of being glad to

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gamble with his life, he was now only too anxious to preserve it.

It was nearly nine o'clock by this time, and they had passed the pond, and were once more approaching the house. It was their intention to enter by means of a side door, and to do this it was necessary for them to pass De Tarvenac's study windows. The evening was warm and these were still open. To their surprise as they approached them, the sound of voices reached them from within. One thing was certain, De Tarvenac had a visitor.

A second later, Lord Middlesborough stopped, paralysed with sudden horror and astonishment. There could be no mistake, and yet—? His face grew pale as death as a terrible thought flashed into his brain. Could there be two men whose voices were exactly the same? If there were not, then the man in the room, talking to Cécile's father, was none other than De Chartres, who had escorted him from the Place de la Concorde to that terrible house at St. Germain. In that case what was his business here? Cécile noticed the look upon his face.

"Straight up the road, m'lord," said Perkins. "Shall I run after him? I might catch him."

"You are ill?" she asked anxiously, seeing that he stopped in his walk and made an involuntary gesture with his hand.

"I felt a sudden twinge of pain," Middlesborough answered confusedly. "It was nothing more, and I am all right now. It was foolish of me to frighten you. Let us go into the house, the dew is falling, and you must not catch cold."

But though he did his best to carry the matter off unconcernedly, some minutes elapsed before he recovered his presence of mind. Why was that man here? This was the question he continually asked himself. He was convinced in his own mind that he had not been mistaken. There were certain peculiarities about the other's voice that gave it a distinction of its own. He would have recognised it among a hundred. Half-an-hour later, De Tarvenac joined them in the drawing-room. When he came within the circle of the lamp's light, Middlesborough noticed that his face was unusually pale.

"You have had a visitor, papa," said his daughter.

"Yes, dear," her father replied. "A visitor from Paris. I am sorry to say he has brought me news which will necessitate our crossing the Channel to-morrow."

Middlesborough silently watched his face and made a mental note of the expression upon it. Whatever the news may have been that the stranger had brought, it was quite certain that it had unnerved him.

"I am sorry to hear that," he said. "When do you think you will return to England?"

"It is impossible for me to say," the other replied.

Cécile inquired at what time it would be necessary for them to start on the following day.

"We must catch the afternoon boat from Harwich," her father replied.

"In that case I must make my arrangements to-night," Cécile answered.

"If I can be of any assistance to you, I

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hope you will command me," said Middlesborough. "And what is more, if my company will not inconvenience you, I should like to cross with you to-morrow. I should have returned to Paris this week, but for another circumstance."

Cécile guessed to what he alluded.

"And, now," he continued, rising from his chair, "as you are likely to have a hard and tiring day to-morrow, it would be better that I should bid you *au revoir*."

"*Au revoir*," said De Tarvenac, as he shook hands.

He had scarcely said this before he uttered a little cry and staggered back with his hand upon his heart. He stretched out his hand for a chair; but not finding it, fell backwards in a swoon. Fortunately, however, Middlesborough was able to spring forward and catch him before he reached the floor.

"Bring me a glass of water quickly," he cried to the terrified girl beside him. "Do not be afraid, he has only fainted. Cécile fled from the room to obey his order, and while she was absent, Middlesborough, who had had some little experience in these matters, undid the man's tie and loosened the collar about his neck. Almost immediately De Tarvenac opened his eyes.

"What has happened?" he asked in a startled tone. "Ah, I remember!" He passed his hands across his eyes and whispered hoarsely to Middlesborough.

"Has the end come at last? Thank God you have settled matters with Cécile in time. Lord Middlesborough, promise me that you will not forsake her, whatever may befall me."

"I give you my word of honour I will not," Middlesborough replied. "Whatever may befall you she will be safe in my keeping."

De Tarvenac was about to add something, when Cécile returned carrying the glass of water. Middlesborough, seeing that they might safely be left alone, bade them good night, promising to be with them first thing in the morning.

When he reached the Black Bear Inn he found Perkins sitting on the bench before the door, smoking. He rose on seeing his master and placed his pipe in his pocket.

"Did you meet the gentleman on the road, my lord?" he inquired.

Middlesborough gave a little start.

"To whom do you refer?" he asked, with a sudden sinking of the heart.

"A French gentleman," Perkins replied. "He called here about a quarter of an hour ago, and said he wanted to see your lordship."

"And what did you tell him?"

"I said that you were at the Manor House, m'lord," Perkins replied. "When he heard that he said he would not bother you, and went off up the road."

"How long did you say it was since he spoke to you?" Middlesborough inquired.

"Between ten minutes and a quarter of an hour, m'lord," the other replied.

"Did you say that he went up the road?"

"Straight up the road, m'lord. Shall I run after him? I might catch him."

"No," said Middlesborough. "You need not trouble, I'll go myself."

He lit a cigar, and then walked quickly down the road in the direction the other had taken. As he made his way along he reviewed his position in all its bearings. He was a member of the club of which De Chartres was secretary, and in joining he had promised implicit obedience to its rules. One of these, and probably the most important, second only to that of secrecy, was the rule that made it a condition that no one should cease to be a member until he had fought one duel and had paid a fine amounting to one hundred and twenty thousand francs to the funds of the club. In the event of his declining to fight the duel, it was permissible for the Woman of Death to choose a member by lot, whose duty it would be to insult him in a public place, and insist upon a meeting; should this take place and the recalcitrant one be successful, another would step into the breach, and so on until the malcontent was removed from the face of the earth. Under these circumstances, to escape for very long would be practically impossible. There was nothing for it but to fight and pay. If one could not pay, then one must continue to fight until three duels had taken place, after which permission to retire was granted, and the matter was at an end. Strange as it might seem, it was plain that De Tarvenac was a member, and, as Middlesborough was aware, he was practically penniless. Was it possible, therefore, that he was endeavouring to work off his score by fighting, and that De Chartres had crossed the Channel to summon him to another combat?

By the time Middlesborough reached the end of the village he had given up the pursuit as hopeless. He looked along the white road that led to Harwich, and could see no sign of his man upon it. He accordingly turned, and retraced his steps to the hotel. What was to be the outcome of his last night at Todthorpe-by-the-Sea?

(To be continued.)

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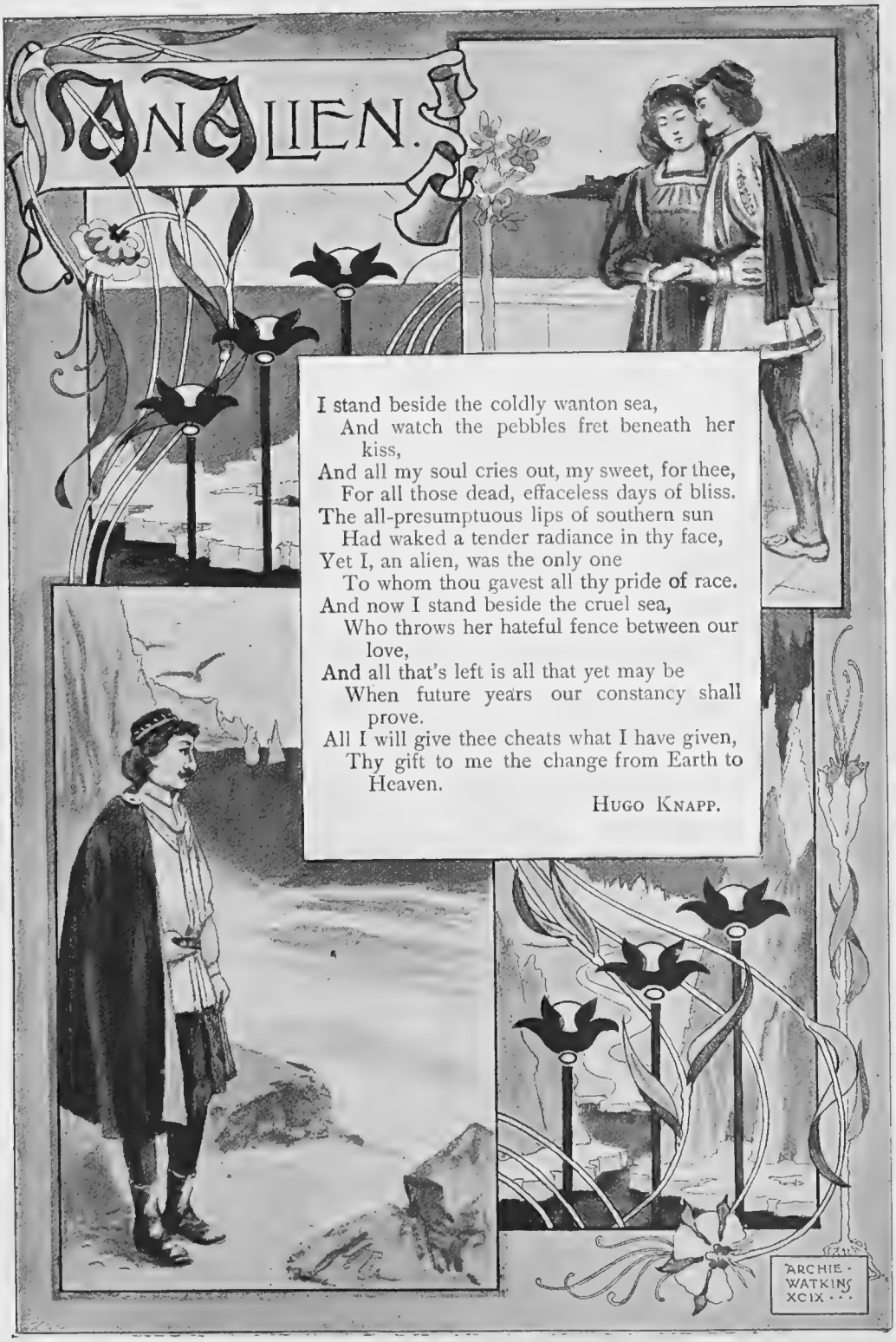
AN ALIEN.
I stand beside the coldly wanton sea,
And watch the pebbles fret beneath her kiss,
And all my soul cries out, my sweet, for thee,
For all those dead, effaceless days of bliss.
The all-presumptuous lips of southern sun
Had waked a tender radiance in thy face,
Yet I, an alien, was the only one
To whom thou gavest all thy pride of race.
And now I stand beside the cruel sea,
Who throws her hateful fence between our love,
And all that's left is all that yet may be
When future years our constancy shall prove.
All I will give thee cheats what I have given,
Thy gift to me the change from Earth to Heaven.
HUGO KNAPP.
ARCHIE · WATKINS XCIX

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SCENE.—*The Kitchen at 21, Potter's Row, Northborough.*

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

JOHN STANDISH...	Formerly Private in 58th Regiment of Foot, aged 75, crippled with rheumatism.
MRS. STANDISH...	Hard-featured woman of 60.
THE REV. STEPHEN HALLIWELL ...	Vicar of St. Mary's, Northborough.

JOHN STANDISH (*diffidently*). I think I heard the bell, Martha.

MRS. STANDISH. Drat the bell! What can folks want coming worriting about at this hour, an' me not finished reddin' up the kitchen yet?

JOHN STANDISH. It's the parson, I think.

MRS. STANDISH. Parson, is it? Then where's tha' manners, John Standish, to keep him standing there all this time?

JOHN STANDISH (*hobbling to the door with the assistance of a stout stick*). Come in, sir, if you please.

THE VICAR. I beg your pardon, Mrs. Standish, I'm afraid I've arrived at rather a busy time——

MRS. STANDISH (*hastily drying her hands and drawing forward a chair*). I'm a bit late to-day in reddin' up, sir, but the old man 'e would read the account of yesterday's doin's in the *Northborough Mail*.

JOHN STANDISH. I thought maybe the Misis would like to 'ear 'ow the lad got on: they must have been fine doings to be sure.

THE VICAR. Yes; I believe it was a most impressive sight, and I am sure that both you and Mrs. Standish must have felt very proud of your son's decoration.

MRS. STANDISH (*pausing in her occupation of ornamenting the hearth with a scroll border in white hearthstone*). Eh, that we was, sir. Nobbut what I consider the badge, *as* a badge might have been much prettier; it 'struck me as being insignificant like.

THE VICAR. But you must remember it isn't the value of the decoration, it's the honour and glory of winning it.

JOHN STANDISH (*nodding acquiescence*). That's it, sir, as I was telling Martha; it's the honour and glory that does it. I recollect a chap as stood next me in the trenches before Sebastapol, 'e 'ad set 'is 'eart on winning a medal to show to 'is old mother at 'ome. The idea of winning it seemed to keep the cold out, and make 'im forget that the rations served out wasn't calk'lated to satisfy a hungry man. Sometimes when we was up to our knees in water 'e would turn round and say quite cheerful like, "It won't take us long to forget all this 'ere freezin' and starvin' when we sail into Plymouth Harbour, and the medals is served out."

MRS. STANDISH (*depositing her pail on one side with a contemptuous sniff*). Medals

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indeed! more likely 'e got the rheumatism in his joints.

JOHN STANDISH (*slowly*). No, Martha, thou art wrong; there was no medals for him, he got a bullet through 'is 'eart instead. But, as Parson says, there was the honour and glory of dyin' for 'is Queen and country.

MRS. STANDISH. Oh! bother his Queen and country! There's not much satisfaction to be got out o' that sort of thing when a man's lost 'is 'ealth and strength. Queen an' country indeed!

THE VICAR. You mustn't look at things in quite such a gloomy fashion, Mrs. Standish. Take your son, for instance——

MRS. STANDISH. Ah well, sir, I know I've a lot to be thankful for. To 'ave one son in a steady way of business, with a fair chance of a partnership in the ironmongery line, to say nothing of 'is decoration——

THE VICAR. Decoration?

MRS. STANDISH. Why, sir, wasn't you talking of it just now when you said as 'ow we ought to be proud. I mean the meeting of the Free Foresterers, and 'ow my son Jim——

THE VICAR (*smiling*). I'm afraid I didn't know anything about the Free Foresters. Of course, I'm very glad to hear about it. But I was alluding to your other son, George——

MR. AND MRS. STANDISH (*simultaneously*). George!

THE VICAR (*looking from one to the other*). Why, surely you have heard——

MRS. STANDISH. Not a line for twelve long months, sir.

JOHN STANDISH (*apologetically*). Well, you see, sir, it were this way. The old woman, she were dead set against soldiering. She may be wrong or she may be right. It seemed to 'er as 'ow a man gained nothing by it but——

MRS. STANDISH (*bitterly*). The rheumatism in 'is bones, or, maybe, a bullet through 'is 'art.

THE VICAR. But your son George told me long ago he had set his heart on being a soldier.

JOHN STANDISH. Eh, that 'e 'ad, sir; it's in the blood, sir; it's in the blood (*straightening his bent back*). Why, to 'ear 'im talk——

MRS. STANDISH. Oh, yes, 'e talked fast enough about honour and glory and such trash; and when I telled 'im as 'ow it wasn't one in a thousand as won a decoration, or 'as lived to wear it, 'e just larfed and——

THE VICAR. Well, you see he has proved one in a thousand. When Her Majesty the Queen pinned the Victoria Cross on to his tunic——

JOHN STANDISH (*suddenly rising to his feet*). What was that, sir? The Victoria Cross? The Victoria Cross! Did you say our George——

MRS. STANDISH (*seizing the Vicar's arm*). That means that my lad is wounded—perhaps dying.

THE VICAR. He had a bullet in his shoulder, but he's getting on wonderfully, my daughter tells me; she is a nurse at Netley, you know. In fact, he's almost

"Come in, sir, if you please."

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well again. Perhaps you would like me to read you her last letter?

JOHN STANDISH. Eh, that we would, sir.

MRS. STANDISH (*does not reply, but turns her back and begins hastily thrusting a few clothes into an old carpet-bag as the Vicar reads*).

THE VICAR (*turning last page of letter*). "So you see, father, what a splendid fellow he is! I'm so proud to think he hails from North-b'rough, and you must tell his mother—"

"That means that my lad is wounded, perhaps dying."

MRS. STANDISH (*with a sob*). That she's an unnatural old wiper!

JOHN STANDISH. Martha, Martha, don't tha' take on so.

MRS. STANDISH. John, don't tha' be a fule! Now, sir (*tying on her bonnet*), I'm ready.

THE VICAR. Ready, Mrs. Standish? Ready for what?

MRS. STANDISH. To take the next train for Netley, sir.

JOHN STANDISH (*looking up in astonishment*). To Netley? But Martha, my lass, thou art forgettin' we was to take our supper with Jim to-night—

MRS. STANDISH (*impatiently*). John Standish, I'm fair ashamed of thee! Thee always talkin' of honour and glory, and now when tha's gotten a hero for a son tha' talks about suppers!

JOHN STANDISH. But I thow't tha' didna care for decorations and such like. Thee said so jest now.

MRS. STANDISH. Not care? Not care? Eh, John, tha' art nobbut a fule after all, and even the wisest of you never understand a woman.

THE VICAR (*sotto voce*). Never; I'm afraid.

JOHN STANDISH. I'm danged if *I* do.

CURTAIN.

THE SONG MY SPIRIT HEARS.

A heaven's beauty comes to me,
Whilst gently to my ears
Now steals sonorous melody
A song my spirit hears.

And as I hark, my spirit thrills
To music's wondrous art.
It is a woman's chant, which fills
With ecstacy my heart,

By more than song: for she, whose tone
Is that of Israfel,
Has not an angel's voice alone,
But angel's face as well.

A heaven's beauty dawns for me,
Whilst gently to my ears
Now steals sonorous melody,
A song my spirit hears.

MARVIN DANA.

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THE HOME OF SANTA CLAUS.

A STORY FOR CHILDREN.

By George A. Best.

Illustrated from photographs by Arthur Ullyett, Leigh-on-Sea.

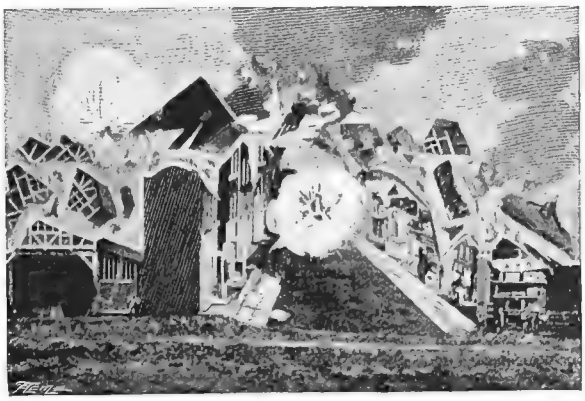
CHAPTER X.

A GREAT BATTLE AND A LITTLE HERO.

But the manikin war ships were not allowed to inflict this sudden and awful damage without receiving a single blow in return. While their shells were still bursting in the streets of the toy city, the great clockwork fleet of the dolls dashed out from the winding docks, and completely surrounded the invading navy; and the Santa Clauberg forts poured such a deadly fire of peas on to their decks that officers and men alike were swept by dozens into the dark waters of the River of Carols, although no shot from the pea cannon was heavy enough to pierce the tin sides of the steamers themselves.

In this way the naval battle raged for hours on that awful night. In the town of toys, shells were bursting upon the roofs and against the sides of houses and shops, hurling great pieces of wreckage high into the air, and filling the streets with broken furniture and the ruins of many a happy home. On the river, vessels were crashing one against the other; brass cannon were throwing round shot in every direction, and hundreds of brave little manikin and doll heroes were fighting for dear life in the cold waters of the stream.

And when morning dawned, Santa Clauberg appeared as a ruined city. Only four ships of the clockwork fleet (and these fearfully battered and broken) were afloat on the River of Carols, while a pair of the great steam ironclads of Sweetchester lay stranded and helpless on a sandbank, and the water flowed darkly over the remaining twelve, all of which had been sunk by the repeated attacks of the clockwork "rams." Not a single ship on either side had surrendered to the enemy—they had gone down with their tiny flags still flying from the masthead, and with the engines still working.



Shells were bursting over the roofs of the houses.

Leslie slept but little during the ceaseless din which marked the battle of that fearsome night; and

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it was but a very tired and weary-eyed little man who drew up the blinds of the Gordon Hall on the following morning.

"Poor manikins! poor dollies!" he cried, as he gazed sorrowfully out upon the shattered homes of the dear little city which he had known so well. "Poor dollies! Surely they have had enough, and won't want to smash anything else!"

But even as Leslie was speaking, he noticed, for the first time, that a large army of toy soldiers were marching in a long, thin line towards Sweetchester, and that the rising ground around that city was swarming with a countless number of black dots which he knew to be manikin soldiers.

And when Leslie's tiny housemaid, Jane, entered the room to receive her master's orders for breakfast, her eyes were red with much weeping, because she was engaged to be married to a handsome leaden dragoon who was already riding away to the great land battle.

"Don't cry like that, Janey dear!" exclaimed Leslie, gently wiping the tears from her china cheeks with his pocket-handkerchief. "Your soldier shan't be shot dead after all. I don't want any breakfast, because I'm going out to stop the big battle."

"Oh! my dear master, you'll be shot yourself, by both sides, if you get in between them," sobbed Jane.

Leslie put on his strap shoes with an air of great determination.

"I'm going, Jane, so there's an end of it," he remarked quietly. "Ask Tom, the ostler, to saddle my largest toy-horse, and to have my helmet and breastplate brought in at once.

In less than ten minutes' time Leslie's beautiful horse was galloping quickly towards the battle-field, bearing on his saddle a sturdy little figure attired in helmet and breast-plate, and with a blunt metal sword grasped tightly in his right hand.

The rival armies were already exchanging shots as Leslie's horse dashed in between them, and a whole boxful of leaden cavalry were in the act of charging right into the mouths of a long line of cannon belonging to the manikins, at the very moment when Leslie pulled his toy steed up on its haunches and breathlessly shouted out the one word, "Stop!"

A bullet from the manikin lines pierced Leslie's helmet, and a pea from a heavy spring cannon on the other side stung his face cruelly.

"Stop!" cried the little hero again. "I forbid you to go on! The land is to be fairly divided!"

An angry roar, as of the buzzing of many bees, reached Leslie's ears from both sides, and a manikin cannon ball struck his horse, killing it on the spot, and throwing the armour-clad rider to the ground with a loud crash.

The ruin of a happy home in Santa Clauberg.

"Leslie Gordon is killed!"

Leslie lay stunned and motionless on the hard ground, for his fall had been a very heavy one. And in countless thousands the manikin and doll warriors gathered round the still form. Little men and toy soldiers, standing shoulder to shoulder, spoke to one another in hushed whispers, forgetting all about the war and the paltry piece of land which had been the cause of it all, in their anxiety for the recovery of Leslie Gordon.

Doctor Bantam Dorking (who was covered with sawdust, having cut off nineteen legs since daybreak) forced his way through the crowd, and stood on Leslie's pulse with his watch in his hand.

"Our friend is alive!" he exclaimed at length in a loud voice; and the troops on both sides cheered so lustily when they heard

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The soldiers were advancing in a long, thin line.

the glad news that the patient sat up suddenly, throwing the worthy doctor back into the arms of a regiment of Gordon Highlanders. A scene of the wildest delight followed this movement. Bearded manikins cheered like so many schoolboys, doll generals shook their late enemies warmly by the hand, and the united bands of both armies burst furiously into "See the Conquering Hero Comes," which they played over and over again with grand effect.

"What does it all mean?" asked the poor little hero, pulling off his helmet to scratch his head in sheer perplexity. "Is the war really all over?"

A great cheer from both sides, answered Leslie's question. The great war was already a thing of the past.

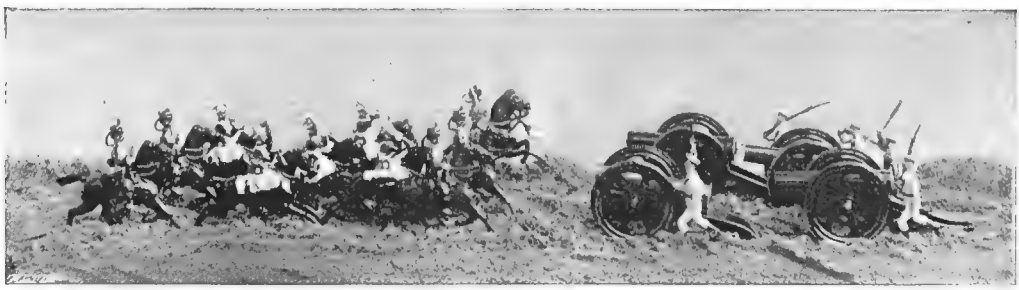
CHAPTER XI.

PEACE AND GOODWILL.

THE church bells are ringing merrily in their tiny steeples, and the streets of Santa Clauberg are crowded with manikin visitors, and with doll hosts and hostesses. Nearly two months have passed away since the Great War, and a very busy two months these have been for the people of the toy city. Doll and manikin workmen have laboured night and day to restore the houses, churches, and public buildings of the destroyed town; and now the last building has been finished, and Santa Clauberg appears exactly as it did on the day of Leslie Gordon's first visit. There is the same cathedral standing at the top of the main street, the same shops have been rebuilt and reopened, the same theatres are advertising their Christmas pantomimes, and the same riverside villas have been erected in a long double row along both banks of the stream. The only buildings which have disappeared from the town are the four forts which formerly stood on the Sweetchester side of Santa Clauberg. These have never been rebuilt, for the manikins have presented the disputed land to the dolls; and the dolls themselves have acted in an equally generous manner by sending their neighbours all the gold obtained from the mine, in order that a large hospital for sick manikins may be built in the best part of the underground city.

All the hatred and bitterness, and the war-like preparations which formerly held the two peoples in bondage, have given place to peace and goodwill, and much rejoicing. Leslie Gordon is now the hero of the hour, and a large and beautiful statue of himself has been carved from a block of white marble, and erected in the market square of the town of toys.

But there is yet another reason for the great happiness and joy which prevail in the



A whole boxful of leaden cavalry were in the act of charging.

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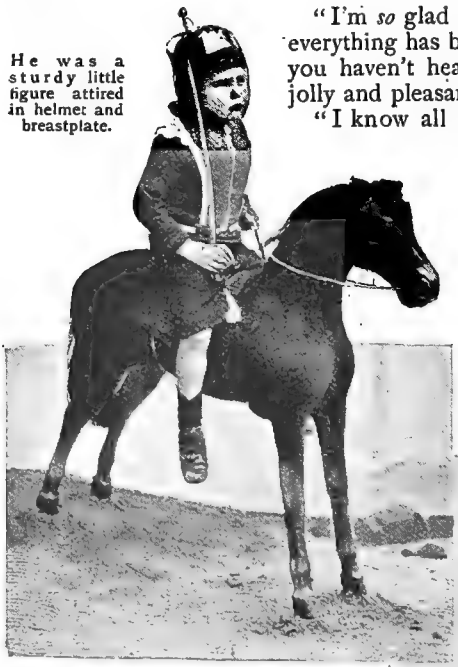


He was a sturdy little figure attired in helmet and breastplate.

toy city on this day. Santa Claus has returned from his long journey, and, what is better than a safe return alone, he has come back looking even stouter, redder, and jollier than he has ever looked before—at least, such is the opinion of Leslie Gordon, who is seated once more in the dining hall of the large house on the mountain summit, and is regarding Father Christmas with a smile of the utmost satisfaction

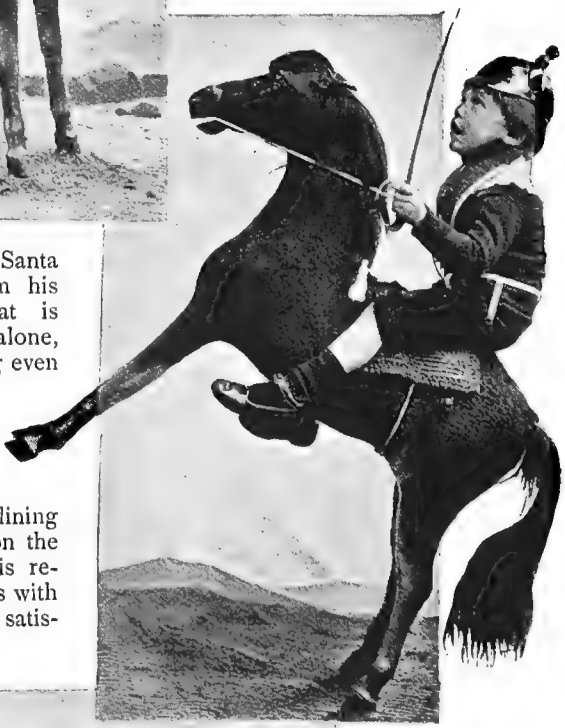
"I'm *so* glad you're back again, Santa Claus," says Leslie, "for everything has been upside down since I saw you last. I suppose you haven't heard about the great war, or you wouldn't look so jolly and pleasant —eh?"

"I know all about it, Leslie, and it was really a terrible affair. But it is no use crying about an evil which is past and gone."

"You're not a bit angry with me for telling them to fight it out, then?"

Santa Claus shook his head in so decided a manner that the fears of his guest were banished on the spot.

"Not a little bit, Leslie," he replied heartily. "The dolls and manikins would have fought sooner or later in any case, and I cannot help feeling glad that it is now all over. I think you acted in a very noble manner, and that you thoroughly deserve the beautiful monument which my people have raised to your memory."



A manikin cannon-ball struck Leslie's horse.

"They have been very good to me, Santa Claus," said Leslie. "I have had a splendid boat to go sailing in, which was beautifully wrecked on a brick in the middle of the stream. And I've been out shooting fierce rats with a large party of West-end gentlemen, and although I shot three sportsmen before I killed a single rat, everybody (except the three who were shot) said they had never seen such grand sport before; it was what they called a big 'bag,' but I don't know whether they meant the rat or the others."

"Were the three sportsmen

He lay stunned and motionless on the hard ground.

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The next day they were all sitting up in bed.

killed, Leslie?" asked Santa Claus, looking very grave.

"Oh, no!" was the prompt answer. "They were carried to the hospital, and I peeped through the window and saw Dr. Bantam Dorking cut the shots out of their arms, while a nurse held a bowl to catch the sawdust. Next day, they were all sitting up in bed with their heads and arms bandaged, and they didn't look a bit spiteful when I asked them how they were. Is your flying machine any the worse for the long journey, Santa Claus?"

"It is quite ready for a quick run to England, Leslie," was the reply. "You have only a few more days to stay with me. On Christmas Eve, I shall take you home."

Leslie was at the bottom of the bed among a heap of toys.

"Dear, naughty old Les," cried Stanley, "where have you been?"

CHAPTER XII.

HOME, SWEET HOME.

AGAIN the church bells are clanging and clashing in merry uproar. But these are not toy bells in the steeples of tiny wooden churches, they are the larger and louder bells which are part of a greater and noisier world than that which has been the home of our little traveller during the past three months.

"What an awful din," murmurs Leslie with a yawn. "Surely the Santa Clauberg bells have all gone mad—and I hear loud voices singing outside the window — dolls can't sing like *that!* And now there's the cry of Milk-o, which I haven't heard for ever so long. How funny and loud everything is! I remember falling asleep last night when Santa Claus had gone out to see to his flying machine, and I've been dreaming of nothing but beautiful bright stars and white clouds ever since.

"Now the light is getting brighter, and I can see where I am. This is surely our bedroom at home, and I'm sitting at the foot of the bed among a heap of toys, with Stanley and Desmond fast asleep at the other end. Dear old Santa Claus must have brought me here in the night! And now I hear mother's voice in the next room. 'A Merry Christmas' she is saying, but her voice is sad an' sorrowful cos' she wants me! . . . . . I *can't* wait till the children wake up . . . . . I *must* tell mamma and dada I'm home again! Ah! now baby Desmond is waking up, and he's caught hold of a drum and a trumpet which belong to Stanley, and he's taken no

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notice of *me*! Hallo! Des., old boy, here I am—here's brother Leslie come back home again!"

"A Merry Kwismus," lisps Desmond, without looking up from his drum. "I knew you'd be back to-day, cos I've always told mother so. *She* said you'd gone to heaven, but *I* knew better, cos' you weren't good enough to go there after smacking me when I tried to follow you into the big bloon. Let's have a game of soldiers, Les."

Leslie's lips quivered. He had expected a much more boisterous welcome than this.

"But aren't you very glad to see me, Des.?" he asked reproachfully.

"Course I am!" was the answer. "How many sticks has my dwum got? I do bleeve ole Sandy Claus has only sent one!"

Stanley woke up suddenly at this moment, and when he beheld the familiar little figure comfortably seated amongst the toys, he gave vent to a wild yell of surprise and delight.

"Leslie!" he cried, jumping up "Dear, naughty old Les. Where have you been?"

Far off Santa Claus watches the scene.

And Mr. and Mrs. Gordon rushed wildly into the children's bedroom at the sound of that well-remembered name.

"Darling old boy!" they cried together. "Poor dear little Leslie! Where ever *have* you been?"

And a shower of kisses, which quite smothered the words of reply that rose to Leslie's lips, were rained upon the little upturned face.

Desmond appeared quite disgusted at the fuss which was being made over the return of his long-lost brother.

"Leslie's only been away at the Home of Sandy Claus," he remarked. "I told you so, an' I *said* he'd come back on Kwismus. Didn't you bleeve me?"

Far off Santa Claus watches the scene. Leslie's tongue has suddenly become loosened, and we must now leave him, surrounded by an eager and joyful crowd of listeners, while he tells, in his own way, the long story which I have already related in mine.

THE END.

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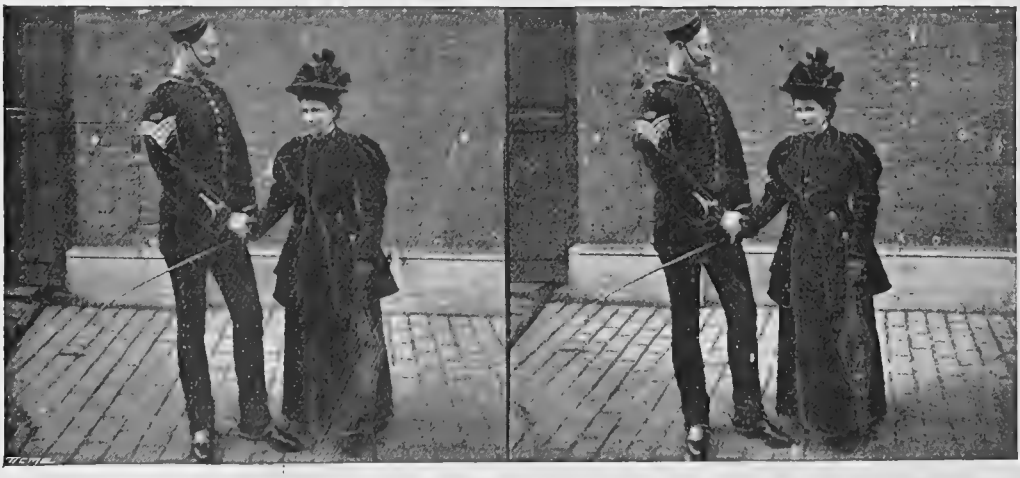
OUR STEREOSCOPIC GALLERY.

A Trooper of the Scots Greys.



"She'll be sorry now he's gone."

Grenadier Guards; "Ready!"

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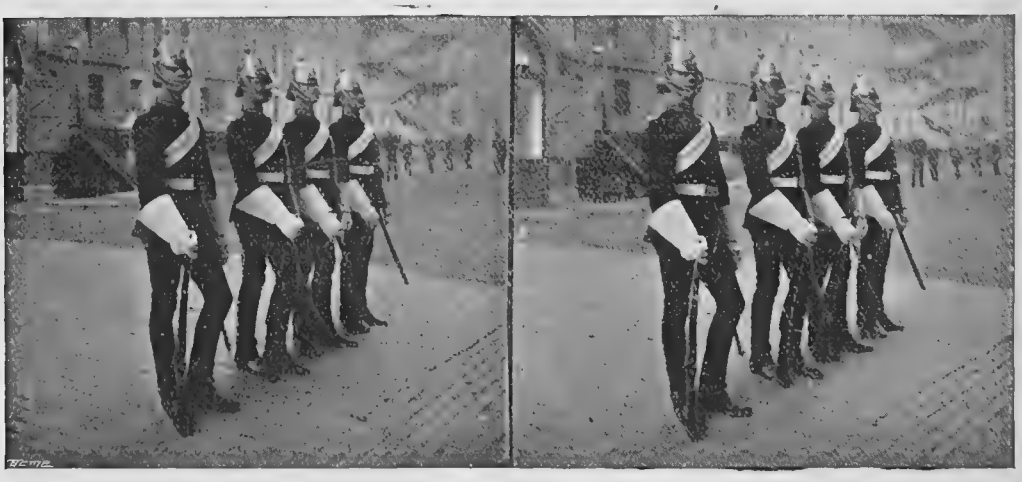
Old Mortars at the Tower of London.



Troopers of the Royal Horse Guards.

Recruits of the 2nd Life Guards being Drilled.

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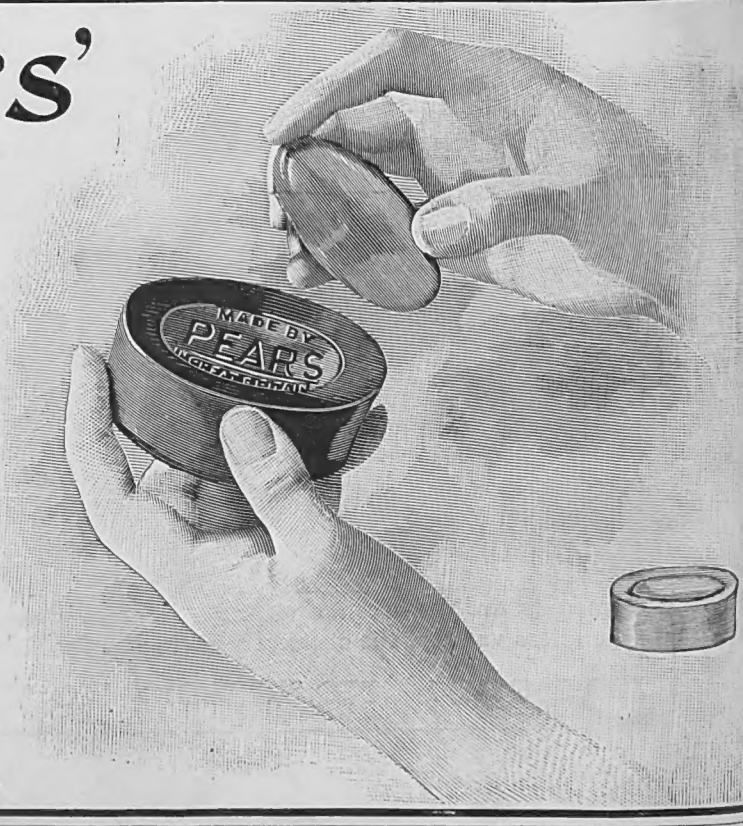

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